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The Breaking-point of Loyalty

No amount of explanation by Field-Marshal Alexander or second thoughts from Pentagon spokesmen can cover up the crime that was committed this week in Korea. With the express permission of the American Chiefs of Staff, an all-out air offensive has been launched against the Yalu power plants, which supply one-third of the electricity for Manchuria. At the precise moment when a new approach to the prisoner-of-war problem was being made on the highest level and in concert with Mr. Nehru, the American generals decided to strike a blow which makes complete nonsense of the efforts of the negotiators.

Unfortunately this is not the first occasion on which this kind of sinister intervention has taken place. We recall General MacArthur's offensives, first to the "waist" and then to the Yalu River, each delicately timed to scotch peace talks and provoke Chinese intervention. And even after MacArthur's dismissal and the commencement of the present armistice negotiations, there was the strange incident of the publication of a fictitious list of American war prisoners just when the negotiations had taken a favourable turn. No wonder suspicion is growing into certainty that there are men in Tokyo and Washington whose obstinate adherence to a "tough policy" frustrates negotiations whenever they are near to agreement. It is they who support the MacArthurite contention that the Korean war can and must be liquidated by an all-out blow against the Chinese people.

We do not believe that Mr. Truman or Mr. Acheson shares this view. On the contrary, particularly in election year, it is to their interest to disprove the MacArthurite thesis by successfully signing an armistice and "bringing the boys back home." But unfortunately it is only too clear that neither the President nor the Secretary of State has any firm or continuous control of military policy. The American commander in the field is traditionally given a latitude permitted to no British general, and the weakness of the Administration means that the will of the civilian authorities can only be spasmodically enforced on the Pentagon. Moreover, the activities of Senator McCarthy and the China Lobby, and the success of the Republicans in smearing Mr. Acheson as an appeaser, have compelled him to make concession after concession to the advocates of a tough policy. Mr. Truman may sincerely want an armistice to-day. What he apparently cannot do is to discipline those politicians and generals who are determined to prevent it, or (which comes to exactly the same thing) are convinced that it can only be obtained by battering the Chinese into submission.

What should Britain do in these circumstances? Mr. Churchill was not only piqued by the discovery that he is consulted as little and brushed off as roughly as any Labour Prime Minister: he was deeply disturbed also by the dangers he saw as clearly as Mr. Attlee or Mr. Bevan. But he is irrevocably committed to the Anglo-American alliance; and, whatever was said privately to Mr. Acheson this week, Mr. Eden had to whitewash the American action in last Wednesday's debate. Their solution will be to patch things up and to accept the American proposal that a high British officer should be appointed to General Mark Clark's staff, in order to ensure co-ordination. At an earlier stage this would certainly have been an improvement since it would have permitted the British to know well in advance what was being planned in Tokyo and to make its views known in Washington before the damage was done. But it is too late for any such remedy to suffice. For two years the British have shown exemplary patience and loyalty to an ally. That patience and that loyalty have been exploited while the purposes for which the United Nations entered the Korean war have been confused and perverted.

The time has come for something more effective than a policy of private protests, combined with inane public assurances (such as that which Field-Marshal Alexander gave in Washington) that "the Americans are doing a wonderful job in Korea." Mr. Truman should be told that unless, as Commander-in-Chief, he imposes his policy on his subordinates, and puts a stop to the provocative rearmament of Chiang Kai-shek

on Formosa, Britain will withdraw her troops from Korea.

There are those who will tell us that such an action will play into the hands of the Communists: we cannot afford a rift in the united front. But the alternative to-day is to condone utterly irresponsible actions, which make an armistice impossible. Better to have it out now with our American allies than to wait until the next incident of this kind precipitates World War III.

Wages and Prices

The rejection by the Railway Executive of the three railway unions' claim for a 10 per cent. wage advance is the first reply to the new round of wage-demands recently launched by most of the big unions. It presumably foreshadows a general policy of resistance, at any rate up to a point, to the claim that wages shall be increased by enough to offset recent rises in the cost of living, including those caused by the Budget. The response to be given during the next few days to the miners, who are asking for a good deal more than the railwaymen, will probably show more clearly how the wind is blowing.

With production at its present level, a general rise in wages will be bound to have inflationary effects unless it is accompanied by measures of financial deflation powerful enough to cause a considerable amount of unemployment. But the trade unions cannot be expected on that account to forgo their claims unless they are convinced that the sacrifices they are asked to make are being fairly shared; and at present their members feel no such conviction. Mr. Butler endeavoured on Tuesday to persuade members of the T.U.C. Economic Committee that there must be "wage restraint"; but, though he could point to substantial falls in the price of industrial raw materials and even of some durable consumers' goods, he seems to have failed to convince his audience that the food element in the cost of living was yet stabilised. Apart from the fact that the full effect of the cut in subsidies has not yet been felt, the average price of imported food last month was 6 per cent. higher than a year ago, and there is no sign of any downward turn.

The Chancellor's real trouble, of course, is that any substantial increase in the general level of wages would aggravate, through its impact on export prices, the balance-of-payments problem. Last month's trade returns were not encouraging, and it looks as though Britain may have a net debit balance of the order of £250 m. in 1952, even after allowing for receipts of dollar aid.

Boxing the Party Compass

The changed tactics of the French Communists at the beginning of this month, when the Paris riots and the abortive strikes suggested that M. Billoux's article in *Cahiers du Communisme* might be the harbinger of a tough and sectarian phase, were not, it seems, a new "line" but a serious deviation. At last week's meeting of the central committee, both Billoux and the wife of M. Thorez were taken to task and admitted their "errors." According to Etienne Fajon, the most important party leader in the absence of Thorez in Moscow and Duclos in prison, Billoux's "call to action" was misinterpreted, and no account was taken of local conditions. The call for a general strike in the Paris area was ill-conceived and sectarian, and merely one of a number of similar mistakes made recently by the French C.P. There had been, for instance, polemical attacks upon non-Communists who were "sincere partisans of peace," though differing from the C.P. on many issues. And the erring leaders had concentrated their fire on the French bourgeoisie without any discrimination, and had thus failed to take advantages of its internal contradictions. Similarly (and here M. Fajon seemed to follow very closely the new emphasis in Soviet propaganda) there had been too much talk about the "treachery" of the French ruling class and not enough about its "warmongering American masters."

Fajon then rehearsed C.P. policy in terms which were closer to the "united front from below" than to the "militancy" of the anti-Ridgway riot. He stressed the C.P.'s desire for legality, its wish to avoid the impression of panic, and, above all, its hope for close collaboration with "broad" elements in the fight for peace. It seems that there is a real fear in the higher ranks of the C.P. lest sectarian policies lead to a dangerous isolation. This can be seen in Fajon's insistence that "political" strikes must be directly related to wage struggles—a tactic which the French C.P. has used widely and successfully in the past. There can be no doubt that Fajon has laid down a course more likely to pay.

Gargantua Orders Dinner

President Truman's Materials Policy Commission, presided over by Mr. W. S. Paley, has now published the opening volumes of its comprehensive report; and the first volume contains a summary of the whole. In 1950, it is pointed out, the U.S. was using 2,500 million tons—18 tons a head of the population—of raw materials; and over the past century the national production has roughly doubled every 25 years. Assuming this rate of increase—which the report says may be an understatement—it is reckoned that the total demand for materials will have increased by 50 or 60 per cent. over that of 1950 by 1975, and that the demand for minerals will have doubled. For electricity the estimated increase is 260 per cent. and for water for industrial use 170 per cent. For agricultural products, on the other hand, only a 40 per cent. rise is allowed for, and for timber only 10 per cent. These estimates involve a considerable increase in American dependence on imports. In 1950 the U.S. imported 9 per cent. of its materials, and by 1975 it will be importing between 15 and 25 per cent. These estimates, which may be too low, confront the rest of the world with a formidable problem of competing with the American giant for supplies of scarce goods. They are also likely to mean high prices for many materials, and therewith a stimulus to their development in the less advanced countries which have workable resources. The report concludes that, in view of expanding American demands, the policy of "Buy American" should be abandoned entirely, and the U.S. "must reject self-sufficiency as a policy and instead adopt the policy of the lowest cost requisition of materials wherever secure supplies may be found."

Dr. Mossadeq at Home

With the vista of protracted legal wrangles at The Hague and in Aden, Dr. Mossadeq has returned to face Persia's domestic troubles. The detention of the *Rose Mary* has shown him that Persia cannot hope to run enough oil through what is virtually a British blockade to provide even a trickle of foreign currency or to raise credit for barter deals. Yet the modern elements in Persia's economy are slowly grinding to a halt, for lack of parts and essential supplies, while the country faces fiscal collapse. If there were any viable alternative, either to Dr. Mossadeq as Premier, or to his policies, he would by now have returned to near-obscurity. But there is no coherent or organised opposition, nor one figurehead around whom it could coalesce. There is talk that M. Makki, the ambitious firebrand who came forward as the most ardent of the oil nationalisers, may be trying to put together an alliance of the oil workers and part of the Army, with the eventual aim of making a settlement with Anglo-Iranian that could be disguised as a Persian "victory." And there are other Persian politicians who would be glad to step into the Premier's shoes if they knew what to do afterwards. But the events of the last year have made it virtually impossible for anyone to depart from Mossadeq's oil policy, while that policy makes it impossible to govern Persia effectively or to make its economy work. It begins to look as if the choice may be between a stiff military dictatorship, or the domination of Persia by an even more reactionary and ramshackle Muslim regime under the spiritual and negative guidance of Kashani.

Writers, Artists and Income Tax

Mr. Butler was less than generous in stonewalling, as he did last week, the Labour effort to obtain more equitable taxation of the earnings of writers and comparable creative artists. His plea that drafting difficulties are insuperable was unconvincing; and as for his suggestion that nothing can be done until the Royal Commission on Taxation has devised a comprehensive scheme to cover all professional earnings, the fact is that the current Finance Bill does differentiate in authors' favour by providing that advances from publishers on account of future royalties may be averaged over the period taken to write the book—up to a maximum of three years. This, however, is not enough: there is no logical argument for treating the lump-sum payment of an advance differently from subsequent lump-sum payments of royalties accrued; and provision should also be made for the case of an author whose books, after an initial chilly reception or a long period of neglect, suddenly emerge into popularity and big sales. Surely the way to achieve justice in the case of creative artists—writers, painters, sculptors and composers—whose earnings are notoriously subject to wild fluctuations, is to allow them consistently to average over three years the actual receipts which they obtain for their work. This concession, which need not be extended to entertainers, who may fairly be regarded as hiring out their services like those of other professional men, could well be applied to the case of authors who sell their copyright outright for a lump sum, precisely as a painter sells his pictures.

WESTMINSTER

Men in Possession

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: In spite of exaggerated hopes, it is clear that in the foreseeable future the Government is secure in its majority at Westminster. Eight months after the 1950 election, the Labour Government had been defeated in the Commons, while the Tory majority in the Lords hung like a thundercloud on the Right. By means of Prayers and other late night sittings, the Government was under heavy tactical pressure; and it was obvious that, with a majority of a bare half-dozen, Parliamentary proceedings were reduced to a test of physical endurance, in which the Government party was bound to crack first.

A very different situation confronts Mr. Churchill to-day. Public opinion, as recorded by the Gallup Poll, has mounted against his Government with surprising speed and intensity. But in terms of Parliamentary tactics he is still master of the field. The Government has not been defeated and, on present form, will not be. The demeanour of the Lords is as benevolent as a June sunset, and the physical exertions of the present Parliament, though irksome to Conservative M.P.s who in general tend to combine Parliament with business, have not been intolerable. Mr. Churchill is thus in a position to play his hand long: secure on his Parliamentary flank, he can respond to public discontent by sitting tight and waiting for better days. It is commonly held at Westminster that his intention is to preside over the Coronation and then appeal to the accompanying mood of patriotic irresponsibility. If Four-Power talks with Stalin could be brought on at about the same time, so much the better.

Some such idea may be in the back of his mind; but it would be a mistake to attribute to it the firm definition of a plan. The important thing is that this Parliament can, on the mechanics of the situation, run its term. And Mr. Churchill is unlikely to cast the sweets of office lightheartedly to his opponents. The reasons for this relatively comfortable situation are twofold. In the first place, the majority enjoyed by the present Government is, in fact, a working majority, provided it is prepared to work. Secondly, one of the very few departments which has worked reasonably efficiently since the election has been the Whip's office. Mr. Buchan-Hepburn, the Government Chief Whip, is subjected to a certain amount of good natured raillery from the Opposition and the political journalists for the faded magnificence of his appearance, and for what is considered to be his influence in some of the more absurd Government appointments. But, as a Chief Whip, he is in the Margesson class, a ruthless disciplinarian who leaves nothing to chance. In the 1950 Parliament he was a good enough skirmishing tactician to bring off more than one successful coup against the Labour Government. Now that the positions are reversed, he has found little difficulty in beating off the haphazard assaults of his opposite number, the Santa Claus-like Mr. Whiteley. Moreover, whatever criticisms may be made of Government appointments, the Whip's department has been strengthened by them. How public opinion reacts to the tactical battle between the Party machines is problematic. But, largely thanks to Mr. Buchan-Hepburn, Mr. Churchill probably feels that he can afford to ignore it for the present.

There are, of course, divisions inside the Conservative Party, and bitter discontents over policy, over patronage and, basically, over the repercussions of the election campaign, which in serving its purpose seems to have deceived many Tory M.P.s as effectively as it did the voters. Discontent tends very naturally to focus on Mr. Churchill, who is beginning to manifest the signs of his years. He shows no signs, however, of making way for any of the younger pretenders. Nor are they, for the present, likely to press him to the point of crisis. For the public, Mr. Churchill is still a symbol who evokes a response far wider than Party; and his removal while the going is so rough would run the risk of bursting the Tory Party at its seams. Mr. Churchill's critics know this at heart very well. And so does Mr. Churchill. In the last analysis, he probably remains the Party's greatest public asset, and considerations of sheer electoral self-preservation will deflect the attack of the young intellectuals (many of whom hold marginal seats) long before it robs Mr. Churchill of any of his mid-day sleep.

DUBLIN

New Issues in Ireland

A Correspondent writes: "They have spent their energies shadow-boxing a non-existent crisis and have talked themselves to the point where they have nearly talked the country into a real crisis." Thus tersely has Mr. Costello put the case of the Opposition parties for a change of government. The question is no longer whether Mr. de Valera will ask for a dissolution in the autumn, but whether he will wait so long. Yet, though he shows his age, rumours of Mr. de Valera's immediate retirement from political life do not seem to have any justification. In the past, he has shown something like genius in selecting election issues most favourable to himself, and in choosing the right moment to appeal to the country. The pundits who cannot see any outcome of the present situation other than a considerable defeat for Mr. de Valera are probably right; but it is worth remembering that in Ireland the inevitable never occurs.

The election will be noteworthy in that it will be the first in modern Irish history to be fought on economic policy. The bitter enemies of the years after 1922 have all but given up reproaching one another, and those who were boys during the "Troubles" are coming into their heritage. The Minister for Finance, Mr. MacEntee, has been defending the Budget in terms which might have been written for him by Mr. Butler. "We have got to win our way back. We have got to regain our economic independence, we have got to pay our way." He speaks of the balance of payments position supporting the view that the Republic is importing too much, particularly of foodstuffs, and he accuses the Inter-Party Government of presenting a dishonest Budget last year.

There is substantial agreement among the Opposition parties that the conventional fiscal policies of the Central Bank are detrimental to the country's economy. At the annual conference of Mr. MacBride's party, a resolution calling on the Bank's directors to resign was passed unanimously, and Mr. MacBride said that Ireland was the only country in the world in which the Central Bank used as backing for its currency the securities of a foreign Government, instead of the securities of its own. He described the position as preposterous. On the Budget, he has said that the restriction of credit, coupled with the reduction of purchasing power, must inevitably lead to more emigration. Mr. Costello, though cautious on the subject of financial reform, has said: "All too many Irish projects are now being offered up as burnt offerings to what is known as the sacred cow of sterling. The British people and their Government are sufficiently well able to protect sterling without the assistance of any Irish Government prepared to become their subordinate in that task." It is by no means certain that Mr. Costello means to break away from sterling; that he will soon have the opportunity seems almost sure.

Can Israel Survive?

In the past few months the news from Israel has been very alarming. Despite a whole series of fiscal and economic measures—culminating in the recent withdrawal of the currency and the forced loan—inflation mounts, and the gap between exports and imports widens. Even the assurance (given after a high-powered mission to Washington) that essential supplies for the next six months had been assured, was proved unwarranted. Although the small minority who live in collective settlements are still prosperous and well fed, the swollen populations of Tel Aviv, Haifa and Jerusalem are desperately hard up. Whether they get their ration in any week may depend on the arrival of a single ship.

No wonder that the wildest rumours are current, including predictions that the democratic State is about to collapse, and that the Prime Minister, Ben Gurion, will soon make himself dictator, now that a Cabinet crisis has forced the resignation of the Finance Minister, Mr. Kaplan. A sober study of the situation indicates that these rumours are exaggerated. It seems, for instance, that Mr. Kaplan's resignation was due only to the state of his health: for the last two years he remained in office against his doctor's advice, until he completely collapsed at a Cabinet meeting. As for the Prime Minister, since he has always frankly admitted that he knows as little about economics as Mr. Churchill, he is unlikely to risk his enormous prestige by making himself personally responsible for the crisis measures.

Yet the political situation remains tense, with Mapam—the Nenni-type Socialists—exerting a dangerous blackmail on the Government. The leaders of Mapai, the orthodox Labour Party, cannot agree to cut the nation's fantastically inflated wage bill because they know that, if they impose further austerity, they may lose control of the trade unions to their Left-wing rivals, who promise that everything will go well once Israel has been "freed from thralldom to dollar imperialism." They are also faced with a threat from the extreme Right. Though the Herut (the parliamentary successor to the Irgun) is now insignificant, there is a recrudescence, especially in Army circles, of Revisionism, the theory that Israel's problems can be solved by over-running the Arab Triangle and pushing the frontiers to the Jordan. Nevertheless the present coalition is still amply strong enough to hold its own against the extremists. Politically, Israel is viable.

But what about economics? Outside observers too easily assume that the only cause of the crisis is immigration. It should be remembered, however, that the new Jewish population hardly outnumbers the Arabs who fled from what is now Israel. The fact is that the new State could very quickly become as viable—and as miserable—as its neighbours if the Government were ready to permit the Jew

from the Yemen and Iraq to be exploited as *ersatz* Arab labour. But if that happened, the whole ideal of Zionism would have been thrown overboard. Israel's problem is that she is trying to assimilate a new and varied population and at the same time to continue building up a democratic Socialist community with European standards in a country of Oriental poverty. The Arab peasants used to live in squalor. The Jewish immigrant must be given housing, welfare services, education.

That this is the basic cause from which the economic crisis stems can be seen from a glance at citrus, Palestine's main export before the war, and still the most important Israeli product. The war prevented the irrigation which orange trees demand, and so destroyed not only the Arab groves but a large number of the Jewish as well. In what was left, Jewish labour had often to replace cheap Arab labour. With Jewish wage rates, citrus is unprofitable unless the whole process, from tending the groves to packing the oranges or extracting the juice, is mechanised. But mechanisation is only possible by replanting the trees farther apart, and it is six years before an orange tree bears fruit. This task, as well as the introduction of the Californian method of watering the groves by sprinklers above the trees, instead of by piping water to the roots, is being slowly undertaken. But citrus exports are only one-quarter of the pre-war level and wages are probably still too high.

Another reason for the crisis, which is usually overlooked, is the difficulty of maintaining an economy of full employment and fair shares—including rationing, price control and subsidies—in a naturally poor country whose main requirement is rapid industrialisation and whose main source of capital is an American Jewry with little understanding for Socialist experiments. Had the new State been able strictly to control the investment of new capital from the U.S., it might have been able to control inflation, at least until the impact of the Korean war on world prices. As it is, the combination of well-intentioned free enterprise by American Jewry with over-ambitious planning by the Israeli themselves has produced a wild internal inflation and a grave payments crisis. Far too often splendid new factories have been run up before anyone has bothered to ask whether the foreign exchange will be available to purchase raw materials. Far too often manufacturers, making large profits on a booming home market, have refused to produce for export—encouraged by the knowledge that poor productivity and low quality would make it difficult to sell their goods overseas. About a quarter of the new immigrants are children under fourteen; and a disappointing proportion of their parents show much aptitude either for agricultural labour or the modern production line. Traditionally small traders, their aim in life has been to set up a shop or a roadside café in the sprawling suburbs of Tel Aviv—and their children, who will become useful citizens, are still at school.

Add to these economic and social problems: (1) the weaknesses of an inexperienced and grossly underpaid civil service; (2) the cost of a huge standing army—victorious in battle and therefore exacting in its peacetime demands; and (3) the habit of relying on the philanthropy of world Jewry to evade economic realities—and it is clear that immigration has not been the sole cause of the crisis.

Moreover, since January, though Government spokesmen cannot dare to admit it, the flood of immigrants has been nearly cut down to the trickle that Ernest Bevin permitted. Unless another Jewish community of the Diaspora is overtaken by disaster, there is no likelihood of another wave.

The problem, therefore, which faces Ben Gurion is to organise the present manpower and resources of Israel into a workable community. In defeating the Arabs, the new State achieved the impossible. He has now to persuade it to achieve the possible, to put an end to Utopianism (whether of the Free Enterprise or the Socialist brand) without destroying initiative and idealism, and to reach stability without degenerating into a Levantine lethargy. There are some signs that this workaday job is being undertaken. The irrigation of the Northern Negev, as far south as Beersheba, is nearing completion, and this year superbly good crops have been obtained. Now the same thing must be done in Galilee. When water has been piped to these lovely hills, Israel should be able to produce 60 per cent. of her essential foodstuffs within her own frontiers. Apart from citrus, which we have discussed already, the export potentials are few, but it is hoped that phosphate production at the Southern end of the Dead Sea will soon be under way. Otherwise, Israel must depend on those light industries which can be developed on the basis of available raw materials or of strictly limited allocations of foreign exchange. Up till now she has relied far too much on "fund-raising". What she needs now is a flow of investment attracted not by sentiment but by hard-headed calculations of profit. If she can tide over the next three or four years until her new and soberer agricultural and industrial plans mature, there is no intrinsic reason why she should not achieve solvency.

But there still remains the problem of her relations with her Arab neighbours. When the war ended, it was fondly hoped that the wounds it had caused would heal with time. There was no reason for this optimism, which was encouraged by the British and American Governments, and it has not been justified by events. The frontiers of the new State are still the intolerable armistice lines, often cutting the villager off from his fields, severing the main lines of communication, and stoking the sullen fires of hatred between Arab and Jew. Four years after the war ended, hundreds of thousands of Arab refugees in the Gaza strip, in Jordan, in Syria and Lebanon still live in utter destitution in U.N. camps, reminding the rulers of the Arab States—if they needed reminding—of the ill-will it is their national duty to feel not only towards Israel but to Britain and the U.S.A. as well. Quite recently, on the technical level, a fairly complete agreement was reached between Jordanian and Israeli representatives for adjusting the most intolerable injustices of the armistice line. At the last moment the Jordanian Government, remembering that Abdullah was murdered for being pro-Jewish, went back on the agreement. They can hardly be blamed for doing so. So long as Britain and America are exclusively concerned with their military interests in this area, permit the refugees to rot, and show no interest whatever in Middle Eastern development, the Israeli will remain a beleaguered garrison in hostile territory: they will weather their crises, but they will never be able to cure them.

Inverted Exile

(*By an American Correspondent*)

After a fighting and successful defence against the slanders of Senator McCarthy and the China Lobby, Professor Owen Lattimore, like other innocent victims of the witch-hunt, is threatened with inverted exile. The State Department assumes its right to decide where and whether they may travel. In Mr. Lattimore's case, port officials have been "alerted" to prevent his departure, after the State Department had received an "allegation from an official source" that he was planning to visit the Soviet Union or Eastern Europe. This "routine" action has been taken because Americans are not permitted to make such visits without special sanction. Mr. Lattimore had not applied for the appropriate passport, and precautions were needed to prevent him "skipping the country." Though it is true that Mr. Lattimore has been considering a year's lecturing in New Delhi, where he would find some relief from the inquisition he has described in *Ordeal by Slander* and his still continuing persecution by the McCarran Committee, rumours of his intended "flight to Russia" seem on a par with the other allegations from which he has suffered. Official action to confine him to the United States, however, is a different matter; this is now becoming a habit of U.S. officialdom which raises very serious issues of personal liberty and public policy for many Americans. It also erects barriers between them and other peoples.

Originally a passport was issued to give Americans the protection of their officials abroad, or where a foreign country required a passport from entering aliens. A passport has now become essential for departure. Under a Statue that says only that the Secretary of State may issue passports under rules and regulations established by the President, the Secretary of State may deny, invalidate, or restrict the use of passports at his discretion. He is not required to give reasons for his action, and, increasingly, the disappointed applicant will be told simply that his "travel abroad at this time would be contrary to the best interests of the United States." There are, as yet, no provisions for administrative hearing or court review.

It is impossible to establish the number of Americans who have had their passports restricted or denied, but known cases reveal that a wide range of individuals of different backgrounds, beliefs and political persuasions have been affected. The list included scientists as eminent as Dr. Linus Pauling, Professor of Chemistry at the California Institute of Technology, who had planned to attend a professional

meeting in Great Britain; Dr. Martin Kamen, Professor of Radiation Physics and Biochemistry at Washington, who was denied permission to lecture at the Weizmann Institute of Science in Israel; Representative Leo Isacson, Congressman from New York, who had planned to attend an international conference in Paris; Rockwell Kent, artist; Howard Fast, novelist; Paul Robeson, singer; and a number of ministers, writers, actors, teachers, and ordinary Americans. In one case the wife of a correspondent accredited to the United Nations in Paris has been denied permission to join her husband. According to an official statement, the State Department is currently attempting to revoke the passports of more than 250 Americans now abroad, and such action, of course, means that the individuals concerned must return to the United States or face deportation by the countries in which they are temporarily residing. In several recent instances, passports have been issued to applicants but restricted to as short a time as two months—a passport is normally valid for two years—and to travel in two or three countries.

Fortunately the State Department's assumption of unlimited discretion in issuing passports is not going unchallenged. Attorneys for Paul Robeson, who has brought a suit against the Government in the Federal Courts, charge that such discretion cannot be exercised against rights and liberties protected by the Constitution. Robeson, his lawyers allege, has been denied the right to speak freely, to travel, and to earn a living, in contravention of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution which declares that "No person shall . . . be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law. . . ." The Government's case is based on the argument that the denial of a passport rests on the President's broad power over foreign and military affairs, particularly in wartime. At the time the case was first argued, the United States was still technically at war with Japan, and, Government counsel added significantly, "at the same time we find ourselves—I won't say in another war—but engaged in an action under the United Nations." Thus was Korea invoked to ring down another Iron Curtain.

A number of civil liberties organisations are also challenging the Government's power to refuse passports. The general position taken is that while the State Department can exercise discretion, its decisions must be subject to review by the Courts or other agencies, and the applicant is entitled to know the reasons for rejection and to argue his case. Testing these arguments, several suits involving somewhat different issues than those presented in the Robeson appeal are being brought against the Government. Finally, the influential *Yale Law Journal*, published by the Yale University Law School, has called for an examination by the Courts of both the standards and procedures used by the State Department in handling passport applications. "It is the thesis," says the *Journal*, ". . . that under the circumstances of modern international life every American citizen has a constitutional right to a passport, and that the protection of that right has become an urgent matter of national policy as well as of civil liberty. . . . Nothing less will achieve the objective envisioned in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights—free travel in a world society."

Indeed, the *Journal* might have added that the right to a passport has origins that pre-date the United Nations. "All merchants," the *Magna Charta* declared, "unless they have been previously prohibited, shall have safe and secure exit from England . . . except (in time of war) such merchants as are of the land at war with us." The political victims of passport discrimination have not been, of course, North Koreans, Chinese or even Russians. Nor have they been perverts, criminals, moral delinquents, lepers, or any other category of persons to whom passports may reasonably be refused. They have been ordinary American citizens whose sins, if they be sins, have been to wander across the conformity line that cuts ever deeper and more viciously across American society.

Perhaps the civil liberties organisations, by bringing cases before the Courts, can re-establish the ancient and important right to leave one's country. But the Government's Loyalty Boards, established to screen civil servants, have demonstrated that fair hearing and procedure do not necessarily lead to fair results. The McCarthy's and McCarrans would like to make passports for Americans as difficult to obtain as naturalisation for aliens.

London Diary

THE last Gallup Poll figures suggest that the swing back towards Labour is even faster than anyone could have expected. Disappointment with the Government amongst Tories, who from many platforms had been promised a sudden return to private enterprise with "no controls", was only to be expected. But it is not Tory votes that have switched over. Anger from the Labour Party at the cut in food subsidies and other attacks on the Welfare State was also to be expected. But Labour votes do not account for the change. The disturbing point is that electoral decision seems now to rest with people who neither know nor care much about any party, but who vote against any Government which does not increase the meat ration. Of course, the five out of six optimists who now expect—according to *News Chronicle* figures—to see Labour in power again, have no way of changing the Government now. Nothing has happened to disturb Mr. Churchill's majority; and Labour may not find itself back in power for a couple of years. But one never knows what may blow up—on the Yalu river or at Westminster—and the essential for the Opposition is to be prepared with a policy to meet these fierce and intractable problems that ideologically Socialists are tempted to avoid. We must not push these issues aside with a grateful sigh that the Conservatives, not we, are in office. For the difficult issues do not respond to stock Party remedies. What we need to know is what Labour would do about the growing economic crisis, how much it would cut rearmament and what steps it would take to lighten Britain's dependence on America.

* * *

There have been three stages in the Communist propaganda about germ warfare in Korea. First it was an unsupported allegation which I scornfully rejected as part of the spate of anti-Western rubbish now poured out from Peking without any regard to its truth or its plausibility in the West. Then came the photographs and circumstantial material which suggested at least a possibility that someone might unofficially be experimenting in methods of bacteriological warfare which are now considered out of date in the West, but which the Japanese are said to have tried in their war with China. I got into hot water with one newspaper in the United States—indeed I was accused of displaying "the degradation of a fellow-travelling mind"!—for suggesting that these allegations should be investigated. The third stage has been the publication of an immense mass of extremely unconvincing atrocity propaganda. I am interested to see that at this late date America is proposing an inquiry and has proposed that the Red Cross should sponsor an inquiry which should include experts who could not be accused of partisanship in the Cold War. (This last was my "fellow-travelling" suggestion!) I suppose that the Communists will reject the proposal and I prophesy in the near future an intensification of a propaganda line which the Communists think has paid rich dividends at least in Asia.

* * *

Towards the end of a remarkable interview with the Fleet Street Forum (published afterwards as a pamphlet under the title *How Near is War?*) Bertrand Russell was asked what he was "prepared to do about advocating the policies of peace" which had been discussed and what he thought journalists ought to do about it. He told the journalists that it was their job to prevent American and British policy "going off the rails" by allowing the task of defending the West against Communism to degenerate into an aggressive policy leading to war in the Far East. As to himself, he said he went to America pretty often and made speeches there "which I must say are very well listened to." He could have put it higher without boasting. A year or two ago his anti-Communism was violent enough to convince even the Republican Senators who follow McCarthy that he was not, like most other Englishmen, a Communist. The result is that he is listened to when he speaks frankly about the absurdities of the witch hunt and the danger that American foreign policy will provoke war. He is, as it were, licensed to tell the truth.

* * *

I should say that we were an animal-conscious rather than an animal-loving people. We love some animals, especially horses and dogs, but we hate others—or we act as though we did. To be loved, our animals must be warm-blooded, comely and of a certain size; there is no affection for insects. You could never run a newspaper campaign against the use of barbed hooks to impale live bait and drag fishes from the water by their throats. Our passions and sympathies are not imaginative. Still, short-sightedness doesn't make us hypocrites, and at least we do our best to stop the cruelty that does distress us: Parliament seldom gets through a session without considering at least one Bill about ill-treated animals. The dozen principal "Animals Acts" now in force, indeed, occupy more than forty crowded pages of *Stone's Justices' Manual*.

The trouble is not merely that the Acts are not enforced, but that the trained staff needed to enforce all of them would soon outnumber the police. The *Manchester Guardian*'s exposure of the shocking cruelty still involved in the export of Irish horses to Continental slaughterhouses—I recall periodic attacks upon this horror over many years—have called attention once more to the fact that humane laws don't prevent cruelty unless there are enough people to enforce them. Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth was very wide of the mark last week when he dismissed the allegations as "hearsay." I hope the new inquiry promised by Mr. Churchill on Tuesday will take in the whole machinery of the meat trade—transit, slaughter, disposal, by-products and the sale of horse-flesh as steak, contrary to Section 38 of the Food and Drugs Act 1938. The facts ought to be authoritatively on record But it will be useless to pass new statutes until we have the machinery for enforcing the present law.

* * *

The British people, I find, seem to assume that the real battle in the United States is between Eisenhower and Taft. Only occasionally does one meet a well-informed critic who sees a chance of a Democratic victory, with Mr. Truman conceivably changing his mind at the last minute. The alternative Democrats are Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, who still says that he is not available, but has been careful to leave himself room to change his mind; Kefauver, who is represented as entirely based on having become televisually conspicuous in the attack on corruption, and Averill Harriman, who until lately has been dismissed as much too much of a rich East coast banker, to be popular anywhere in the Middle or Far West. But Harriman has put his stakes well up by just the tactics that no one expected of him. While I was in the States a few weeks ago, he astonished the journalists of Washington by proving in a mass interview that he had made himself quite an attractive speaker, having overcome his stutter, and, more important, that he had thrown aside the cautious facing-both-ways line that is expected of pin-striped trousered men whose public life has been spent on delicate diplomatic missions. He went all out for the Fair Deal, without compromise or punch-pulling. He has now gone a stage further, and he deserved to defeat Kefauver the other day in the District of Columbia primary, when he very courageously went on television the night before the primary with his wife and a blonde hostess, among a roomful of White and Negro friends, who discussed the racial problem, and decided that anything else but equality was morally hypocritical and politically useless. No doubt this type of campaigning reflects the fact that the Negro vote may be decisive in some States. But the credit remains with Mr. Harriman.

* * *

Krishna Menon, who was one of the architects of the Anglo-Indian settlement and who has been High Commissioner here for five years, is now retiring. One proof of the distinguished way in which he has done his job is that he is rather meanly attacked by people who have never been able to understand that, in becoming independent, India would have its own policy. Krishna has usually been on excellent terms with Mr. Churchill's Government, as he was with Mr. Attlee's. He tells me that he is not going back to India now, but intends to retire to the modest address from which over many years he did so much gallant work for Indian freedom. He is a man of great energy as well as ability, and I shall be surprised if he finds it possible in the long run to withdraw from political life. Whatever else may be true of Krishna Menon, whom I have known and respected for many years through much foul as well as good weather, he is not really cut out for a hermit.

* * *

I slipped in describing Desmond MacCarthy as a Conservative last week; I meant, of course, a conservative. He disliked the Tory Party and never supported it until the 1950 election. His political development was broadly that of Violet Bonham Carter. He was a friend and strong supporter of Asquith and hated rabble-rousing, black-and-tannery and Munich. He knew Germany well and was not deceived by the neo-Nazism of our day.

* * *

It is apparently assumed in ruling circles—which means mainly American circles—that British and Continental opinion switches over from one enemy to another just as official propaganda dictates. There is much historical ground for this view, but the pace this time is too swift. A countryman who had seen last week's headlines about German Mercedes cars winning international races said: "They're coming up again, aren't they? I suppose we'll be fighting them again before long, shan't we?" CRITIC

HUGGINS & CO.

Three British Possessions will soon be combined
In a Free Commonwealth Federation;
For Africa's welfare the plan is designed,
And further for helping the whole of mankind
Through advancement of civilisation.
This scheme, from which manifold blessings will flow,
Has long been promoted by *Huggins and Co.*

In framing the Charter designed to create
One more Democratic Dominion,
No African boycott has hindered debate,
And views of all parties were given full weight,
(Excepting for Native opinion),
And infinite care has been taken to show
It is not a prospectus for *Huggins and Co.*

Indigenous tribes are not swayed in the least
By patient and prudent persuasion;
They do not consider their danger increased
Or fear that the Congo or Portuguese East
Might suddenly launch an invasion,
Though the need to deter any neighbourly foe
Gives constant anxiety to *Huggins and Co.*

The Colonial Office takes pains to declare
All African rights are safeguarded,
But officials are driven almost to despair
When for their new status they try to prepare
A people so sadly retarded
They imagine the Crown would quite callously throw
Black lambs to the white wolves of *Huggins and Co.*

A Colonial Minister's personal tour
Is now in high quarters projected—
He only indigenous tribes can assure
That the hearts of Rhodesian idealists are pure,
And Nyasaland will be protected.
For Africans are just too backward to know
They will be equal partners in *Huggins and Co.*

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

To those who believe in the Empire there comes a surge of new and mighty strength—the support of the *Financial Times*.—*Daily Express*. (Leonard Barras.)

The science of dealing with an atomic bomb is no more difficult to digest than the science of dealing with an ordinary incendiary bomb—which every housewife knew in 1939-45.—*Emgas*. (T. K. Gribbin.)

Arrangements are now being made whereby ladies will be allowed to accompany parties visiting engine-sheds.—Letter from Railway Executive in *Manchester Guardian*. (Leo Hughman.)

Sword-swallowers are turning to the swallowing of neon tubes which can be lit up after swallowing to produce, in the words of an advertiser of magicians' sundries, "an original and striking effect."—*Manchester Guardian*. (W. Brown.)

Why not make Prince Charles a member of the Canadian Mounted Police? He is destined to wear many famous uniforms and this one will have a profound effect in Canada.—Letter in *Daily Express*. (J. McGee.)

For the Price of Three Cigarettes

An audience of R.A.F. officers had listened responsively to an account of the remarkable achievements of United Nations' technical assistance in S.E. Asia. Then a "brass-hat" got up. "I don't want to sound too mercenary," he said, "but what is all this costing me as a British taxpayer?" I told them that a malaria-control scheme could be accomplished at the cost of one revolver bullet per head of the population benefited; that to treat a person with yaws and transform a life cost U.N. less than an aircraft cannon-shell; and that the cost of "all this" (which I had been describing) to the individual British taxpayer was two or three cigarettes per annum.

Actually, at that time, Britain's contribution to U.N. Technical Assistance for the entire world was £760,000, or six-and-a-half cigarettes per taxpayer per annum. That, the Government decided, was excessive. As Mr. Iain Macleod solemnly told the House of Commons last week: "The greatest disservice there could be to the peoples of the Far East would be for the United Kingdom and the sterling area to take on more burdens than they could afford and precipitate a crisis in our financial affairs." So the British contribution was cut by 40 per cent. It was like robbing a blind man's tin. Not only did we bilk £310,000, but filched dollars as well, because the U.S. contribution to the fund is in proportion to the total from all member nations. Thus the loss from the British action was $2 millions, bringing the fund to less than $20 millions for technical assistance to all the under-developed countries.

When I read the debate in *Hansard*, I recalled the jute peasants in the Ganges Delta, standing like skeletons thigh-deep in water, working like machines from dawn till dark. For them and most of the 43 million people of the East Pakistan, the average diet consists of 18 ounces of rice a day, salt and chili peppers and, about twice a week, two ounces of minnows, caught in the water-logged fields. The average income is £20 a year. Of course, it is a bit hard on the families when the breadwinner has malaria, or cholera, or

kala-azar, which most of them have during the year. At the critical times of the rice transplanting and harvesting, three out of five field-workers may be "sick of the fever."

A few days before the House of Commons debated the subject, a single Dundee jute combine announced a most successful year; its profits were £1,115,000—three times as much as Britain can now afford for technical assistance. It is true that this prosperity has meant good pay-packets for the jute workers who, ever since I was a child amongst them, have lived in the shadows of slumps and the threatened demise of the jute trade. But the Ganges Delta is no longer a suburb of Dundee. East Bengal is now part of independent Pakistan. It produces the golden fibre, the wealth of Pakistan, but it does not produce enough rice for its teeming population. Cut off from the jute mills of West Bengal, it is now building its own mills, which can mean less jute for Dundee. But there is another threat. Food crops must compete with cash crops, like jute, if the population is to survive. Food may have to displace jute unless acreage can be secured for both of them.

The problem of East Bengal is water—sometimes too much, sometimes too little; sometimes at the wrong places, sometimes at the wrong times. U.N. Technical Assistance, through the Food and Agriculture Organisation, has experts on the spot trying to solve this problem. They are persuaded that, with proper water management and development schemes, East Bengal can not only produce jute for export, but rice for its own needs and even for export. Somehow I do not think that the jute workers of Dundee would grudge three cigarettes per annum for the benefit of the peasants of East Bengal, especially when they can at the same time both win and keep the goodwill of Pakistan and, by so doing, go far to safeguard their own employment. This moral, it seems, is lost on the British Government, which has now so drastically cut the Technical Assistance Funds.

The Technical Assistance Board which administers these funds operates through the specialised agencies and through the Technical Assistance Administration, the latter being a general purposes body which finds the experts outside the scope of the well-known specialised agencies. If, for example, a government asks for an economic adviser or an expert on steam turbines, that would be the direct concern of the Technical Assistance Administration; but an expert on fish-farming would be recruited by F.A.O. When a Government asks for U.N. Technical Assistance, it is not asking for "foreign aid" because as a member-state of U.N. it is employing its own servants. There are no strings attached to Technical Assistance, no military commitments and no intervention. The U.N. obtains its experts from all over the world, but the government concerned has the final selection. No expert is ever imposed on a country.

Nor is Technical Assistance a means of "getting something for nothing." A programme started with U.N. help will cost a country far more than the U.N. will contribute. For example, the governments of S.E. Asia, in order to get $4,000,000 worth of help from the World Health Organisation (and the Fund), have spent $6,000,000 in local currency. Each international team has to have its local "opposite numbers," with supporting supplies and equipment. When the U.N. experts complete their programme, the national team is capable of taking over the work and extending it. This is one of the merits of U.N. Technical Assistance in contrast with certain forms of bilateral aid which, unlike the U.N., leave no proper reserves of trained local personnel behind.

Indeed, the "highly developed countries" have no monopoly of advanced knowledge. U.N. can recruit anywhere; and one of its most important requirements is to find people who will not only be experts in a subject, but also with proper understanding of the people among whom they are going. One of the most brilliantly successful international team-leaders was an Indian in charge of the malaria-control scheme in Thailand. In Afghanistan, the U.N. team has included a Haitian expert in public health, a Danish professor, an Indian malariologist, a Finnish woman pædiatrician, a French gynæcologist, Belgians, British, Americans, Austrians, Swiss and Dutch.

The range of requests extends from Bolivia's request for a complete review of its Government administration, to a Yugoslav indent for an expert on piston rings. Pakistan, desperately short of trained personnel after the Partition, has asked for and got technical assistants in almost every phase of social and economic administration. All the specialised agencies have joined forces in El Salvador on a demonstration project of rural health, agriculture, education and social services, which will have lessons for the whole of Latin America. There is a constant flow of requests of unlimited variation; and now that Mr. David Owen, personal assistant to Sir Stafford Cripps in the War Cabinet and Assistant Director-General of U.N. since its foundation, has become full-time chairman of the Technical Assistance Board, the valuable lessons which have been learned in the past two years can be applied to the programme as a whole.

There is no enterprise more worthwhile and hope-inspiring than this example of co-partnership and of internationalism really at work. It is a pity that the British Government does not think it worth three cigarettes.

RITCHIE CALDER

On Pain

HAVING over a recent period known pain of a quantity and variety which has not hitherto fallen to my lot, I venture to set down some reflections on this comparatively neglected topic. For how sparse is the literature of physical pain.

And first, pessimism in regard to pain! How great, then, is the range, how immense the variety of physical pain. Moreover, pains originally distinguishable modulate into one another—modulate is the exact word, for it is as though an orchestra were playing. First one instrument sounds, then another, until three or four blend into a many-coloured harmony. In the harmony one grows to distinguish certain recurrent pain motifs, to recognise their reappearance almost with satisfaction. I don't mean that one welcomes them, but they are familiar; one knows, after all, what they can do and one knows that *these* at least can't do any more.

Now compare pleasures. Pleasures tend to be and to remain separate and distinct, and their range is much less. Take, for example, three contrasted physical pleasures, the pleasure of eating chocolate peppermint creams, the pleasures of sex, and the pleasure of immersing the hot, sticky body in sea-water. Here are no modulations, here no symphonic effects. It is, indeed, difficult to see how such pleasures could be combined and blended, each enhancing and enhanced by the other, until a pleasure-whole was built up which was more than the sum total of its separate constituents. On the contrary, pleasures tend to cancel one another out. The bathing pleasure or the sexual pleasure would, for example, blot out the peppermint cream pleasure.

The immense superiority in range, flexibility and variety of pain as compared with pleasure tends to be obscured by two facts: first, by our tendency to forget pain—I don't mean the fact that we had it but what having it was like; there is, indeed, no experience which is so difficult to recall—secondly, by the paucity of our pain vocabulary; we lack the words to describe the subtleties of pain, even to ourselves. There are, of course, a few epithets: "stabbing", we say, or "throbbing" or "shooting"; or we speak of a "dull ache"; or there are pains which "gnaw", and I privately distinguish "hard" pains from "soft"— this not being a distinction of degree. Yet how pitifully inadequate our vocabulary is. One has only to compare it with our vocabulary for the description of *visual* experience to realise how inadequate.

Again, the effects of pain increase with repetition, so that what, if I may coin an Irishism, is the same pain or the same amount of pain, is felt with greater force each time it recurs. We put this vaguely by saying that our resistance is weakened until it is finally broken down, though what is meant by saying that resistance to pain is "broken down" is not clear. The suggestion presumably is that it is possible so to resist pain that it simply isn't felt, or that, though felt, it doesn't matter. This certainly seems to be the implication of Epicurus's (not a Stoic's) celebrated remark that the good man can be happy on the rack. As to this—the story is fairly well known by now, but I can't resist it—in my version a graduate, sitting for a Fellowship examination, having long ago despaired of his chances, and being faced on the concluding morning with the task of writing a three-hours essay on precisely this theme, overcome with exasperated disgust, wrote simply, "If he were a very good man and it were a very bad rack, this might be true; otherwise not", and handed in his paper.

Contrast, now, pain's characteristic of increased effectiveness on repetition with pleasure, the opposite of which is true. Take, say, the experience of smelling a flower; you can never prolong it nor, for a time, repeat it. Some nerve, I suppose, gets tired of being stimulated; so, too, with the pleasure of the peppermint creams and the pleasures of sex. These well-known facts about pleasure find their way into popular philosophy. Thus we are warned against trying to repeat a pleasure.

The superiority of pain to pleasure in these two respects may be one of the reasons for the pessimism of those philosophers who, having reflected deeply on life, have urged that its pains must of necessity exceed its pleasures. I hesitate to affirm definitely that this is so, since the thought of most philosophers has been couched in terms of mental and spiritual affliction, being for the most part too grand to descend to the level of bodily pain. Few, I think, were tortured. Yet it is precisely the experience of pain which raises one's surprise at the fact of torture or, rather, of men's resistance to it, to the level of incredulity.

Reflecting on the history of torture, how often one has said to oneself "I am sure I shouldn't have held out." A little experience of physical pain which all the resources of medical science have been invoked to relieve make it incredible that anyone *should* hold out. "Most torturees," you may say, "suffered for their faith; hence they were given strength to resist; they were the recipients of grace." Perhaps, perhaps not. For consider for what trivial ends men have been prepared to suffer torture unto death. Reflect, for example, upon the number of chiefs who are recorded to have died rather than reveal the whereabouts of their treasure, or upon the seven brothers of the Mac-

cabees who were willing to see one another slowly tortured as a preliminary to being burned by Antiochus rather than consent to non-circumcision and the eating of pork.

Does pain do us good? Does it improve our characters? It is, I know, often excused on this ground. But the evidence certainly doesn't seem to point that way. In small doses it saps people's control and makes them petulant and irritable. Gross, continued pain can deprive a man of his manhood, reducing him to a mere bundle of throbbing nerves and shrinking flesh. But it will be said, you can stand outside your pain and regard it objectively. No doubt, provided that it isn't too bad; but if it is bad enough there is nothing of you left over, as it were, to observe it. It is, I suggest, the apparent pointlessness of pain that has suggested this moral view of it. "What possible good can it do or be to anybody?" the sufferer asks himself, "that this particular pang"—of neuritis, let us say—"should now be shooting down my arm." And because he can find no ready answer, yet finds it intolerable that his suffering should have no point, he concludes that it must be doing some good to himself. Or, more frequently, this conclusion is drawn for him by others.

Finally, as to "all the resources of medical science." How often have I, speaking of the benefits which science has conferred upon mankind, placed highest in the list the relief of pain? How eloquently contrasted the bad old days, when men were hit on the head or made roaring drunk before an operation, with the elaborate range of carefully graded anaesthetics in use to-day! But on closer inspection this pain-free concept of contemporary illness reveals certain flaws. First, while pain in small amounts can be well and adequately dealt with by salicylics, these are impotent against what is more severe. The sufferer then passes on to an array of more esoteric drugs, which I take to be derivatives of morphia and cocaine. These, too, are valid up to a point, but when that point is passed, when, in spite of repeated doses, the pain persists and grows greater, what then? Then comes the morphia or the heroin injection. But these, after all, don't remove pain. They only send the sufferer to sleep—and even in this they are not always successful—so that he doesn't feel it. Yet, even so, he may feel it through his sleep, and when he wakes up, often all too quickly, there the pain is waiting for him. In other words, in the last resort it is sleep-makers rather than pain-removers that science has invented. Hypnotism? Yes, I dare say for some, but hypnotism isn't everybody's cup of tea. Blocking of the common sensory path? This, no doubt, can be done but its repercussions are undesirable and some of its effects appear to be quite unpredictable.

I conclude that the treatment of pain is still a comparatively neglected branch of medical science. Provided that the pain isn't a sign or an integral part of some dangerous condition, doctors are apt to pooh-pooh it. It is thought enough, for example, to consign the sufferer from neuritis or sciatica, which can be unbelievably painful, to the comfort of some well-tried salicylic product. Pain, in fact, doesn't interest them unless it can be shown to be dangerous. I venture, then, upon the suggestion that the relief of pain should become a distinct and accepted branch of medical science, that such a branch should be particularly directed to pain removal, rather than to forcible sleep promotion; and that to every hospital, in the end perhaps to every large clinic, there should be assigned at least one practitioner whose sole business and concern is the relief of pain.

C. E. M. JOAD

Glory Gone

FLANKED by little red-brick cottages, the majority with a single-storey washhouse attached, Golden Cross Lane climbs for a mile or more up Catshill; and it took quite a walk to find Mr. Emus at No. 52. He was in his washhouse, still used for the purpose it had served since Queen Victoria was a slip of a girl, making "brush" nails by hand, as he had done for nearly seventy years. He allowed me to watch him at work. Heating an "iron"—no longer iron, as of old, but now a short, thin rod of mild steel—in a small coke hearth, he first drew down the end to a point with a 2lb. hand hammer, while the draught from his "teaser" bellows kept the metal glowing. Then, working by eye with amazing accuracy, he laid the pointed end across a fixed chisel on his anvil, cut the required length nearly, but not quite through by a hammer tap; deftly inserted the hanging point in the "bore" (a small die); and knocked it off from the rod with a single sharp blow of the hammer. This done, a pressure of one foot brought down the "oliver"—a heavy treadle-operated sledgehammer—smack on the "bore," flattening the head of the nail, which was then ejected from the die by a touch on a little lever called a "paddle." A dozen hammer blows in four or five seconds: the finished five-eighths-inch nail, ready for the makers of whitewash brushes, was added, still smoking hot, to the growing pile in Mr. Emus's tin tray.

In its heyday the hand-wrought nail trade round Birmingham employed about 50,000 people, and nearly a 1,000 nailers worked in Bromsgrove and its surrounding villages such as Catshill and Sidemoor. Even after the introduction of machine-made nails round 1830, the old craft, declining, lingered on. Until this year there were four surviving hand nailers, but one died last January; to-day the sole competitors of Mr. Emus are Mr. Charles Troth and his middle-aged son Ran, who ply their trade at Sidemoor—no longer in their washhouse but in a converted wooden shed whose open door gives on to a little garden filled with neat rows of early peas and carrots. As you thread your way between the vegetables, you can hear the rhythmic smack of the two olivers coming down on the nail heads. Mr. Troth senior sees no future for the trade: the brush-makers are now fabricating from parts the big-headed nails they require, and even the market for decorated saddle-nails, on whose production the Troths were engaged when I called, is shrinking. But Mr. Troth is philosophic.

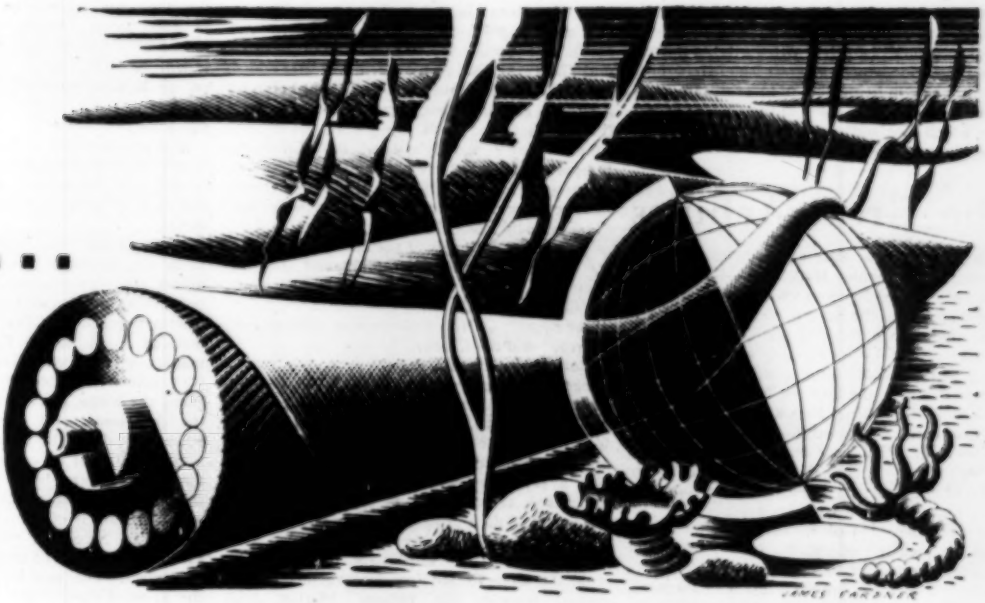
Swivelling nimbly from hearth to anvil, he will tell you of his still more active prime when he would draw, cut and "head" nails from two "irons" at one heating. With a sigh for "glory gone," he will display old 1¼in. nails ("still blue as a harebell") of his own fashioning, fifty years ago, though even he cannot recall the meaning of some of the old names—"rose sharps," "billed brads" and "dog and uglies" once familiar in the nomenclature of the trade. It was long before his time, of course, that a famous Scots nailer made, for a bet, 34,000 double flooring nails—requiring nearly a million hammer strokes—in a fortnight; but he will recount to you the great old days of Bromsgrove, half a century ago, when Big (eighteen stone) Bill Jeffreys ("But he had no better 'blow' than I," observes Mr. Troth, exhibiting a slim, sinewy arm) would spend a Stakhanovite month working up Mr. Smith's iron, sell the product nefariously to Mr. Brown, and go off for a two-months' uninterrupted drinking bout. Yet the moon whose glimpses Mr. Troth is ready in reminiscence to revisit had a dark side. "First to last, ours was a sweated trade, little better than clemmin'; we're well done with it."

It was indeed a trade of "clemmed," exploited outworkers. Hutton, the historian, notes his surprise at finding round Birmingham, in 1741, so many women nail-makers at work, "the smut of the anvil, the tincture of the forge taking possession of those lips which might have been taken by the kiss." In fact, right into the later decades of the nineteenth century, whole families worked round the circular forges obligingly invented by Mr. Spencer, of Belper, in 1824. In those cottage washhouses there must have been insufferable over-crowding, and the children had often to be chained to the anvil to stop truancy. Even so, earnings were pitifully small, and the nailers were subject to harsh pains and penalties. A manifesto published by the Nail Ironmongers of Dudley in 1800 reminded the nailers that any stocks of iron which had been "given out" were declared by Law to be embezzled if they were not properly worked up and returned within eight days; and any nailer defaulting in this was liable to be "committed to Bridewell to hard Labour for three Months and pubickly whipped."

With the coming of machine-made nails in the 1830s, the hand-wrought trade became a bitter battle-ground between the nailers and the factors who "put out" the work. A price-list was settled in 1838, but in the next twenty-five years there were no fewer than five general strikes of nailers against attempts by the factors to cut the agreed prices. The method of payment was by the "tale" of 1,000 nails; but, to allow for imperfect nails, the nailers were compelled to deliver 1,200 nails per nominal thousand. In addition, the factor would weigh a sample on the "taleing" scales and demand more nails for his money if the weight was found to be below schedule. For example, 1,000 nails of the type known colloquially—by corruption of the name—as "ten-penny" nails had a standard weight of 10 lb. ("ten-punny"), and to this weight the unhappy nailer's output had precisely to conform. In the 1860s, when ten thousand nailers had stopped work in North Worcestershire, the Birmingham *Daily Post* admitted that a skilful, hard-working nailer could earn only 10s.-16s. per week, and a woman or girl barely 4s. And out of this they had to pay the rent of the smithy, the cost of the firing and the price for making and mending their tools. Worse still, even at that date, the "tommy-masters," known locally as "foggers," who beset the industry, added to the nailers' exploitation. Regardless of the Truck Acts, they kept provision shops as a side-line to the business of nail-mongering, and would pay in part for the nailers' work by tickets honoured only at their shop. Others of this kidney kept public houses where the nailers were encouraged to drink by calculated delays in "giving out" the iron and in paying for work at the end of the week.

Gradually the worst of these abuses were checked: the system of payment by "the thousand" was replaced by payment by weight. But things were never good for the outworkers in a dying trade. Both Mr. Emus and Mr. Troth senior remembered making 1¼in. saddle-nails for 1s. a lb.; and they claimed that an expert, assiduous worker could make no more than 3 lb. a day. With wives and children working beside them, nailers "got by" on the family income; and there was always the produce of the cottages' little gardens. But few, I think, will dissent from Mr. Troth's verdict that this particular form of sweated handicraft is well over and done with. There is a legend that one Richard Foley, a nailer of Stourbridge, in the time of Charles I, and a great player on the violin, fiddled his way to Sweden and there learnt how nails could be made mechanically in a "splitting mill." Many years

one inch thick . . .



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had to pass before the mechanisation of nailing in England was fully established; but Mr. Foley's journey was surely launched with the right motives. For all the pride which the great hammerers took, a century ago, in being able to move 20,000 times a week from hearth to anvil, this was an industrial glory which England could well spare.

Bromsgrove. AYLMER VALLANCE

The Great Achilles

EVERYONE knows the great Achilles statue standing just inside Hyde Park—or if not, recognises the heroic figure which now encourages us to take part in the Savings Campaign—yet few know the strange story of the shock and controversy caused by its erection in 1822. It all began with the ladies of England. As a gesture of their thanks to the Duke of Wellington and his soldiers for defeating Napoleon, "his grateful countrywomen" decided to erect a statue just inside Hyde Park near to the Duke's home, Apsley House. Ten thousand pounds were collected and this sum might have been more but for jealousy and envy—or so newspapers asserted. However, there was plenty of money for a vast statue, though not enough for smaller statues or ornaments round the base. (This was probably a mercy.) The most famous sculptor of the time, Sir Richard Westmacott, already noted for his classical studies which were rapidly filling up St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, was given the task of producing something worthy of England's greatest soldier. He was also given twelve twenty-four pounder guns captured from the French in various victories, and with these for a start he prepared to produce the largest statue ever cast in the country.

On the Quirinal Hill at Rome is a group entitled "The Horse Tamers." This consists of two men attempting to rein in a fiery steed. Experts differ whether the horse really belongs to the statue, but it was discovered near the men and apparently belonged to them. Experts also differ in naming them: they may be Castor and Pollux; they may be anyone else; one might even be Achilles. Westmacott decided to copy one of the figures, to abolish the horse, to add a shield and sword, and to call the figure Achilles. He cast the statue in Pimlico. Accounts of the colossal size thrilled his contemporaries. It would weigh 38 tons and stand at least 18ft. high, it was possibly the largest single figure for eighteen hundred years, or so the *Gentleman's Magazine* claimed. The site was prepared for it, and the anniversary of Waterloo, June 18, named for the first appearance.

Now began the troubles. Disloyal newspapers noted that it was impossible to extract the core of the statue—a core composed of plaster and cow-dung—and this increased the weight. It was most difficult to move the thing; it could not be dragged into the park; the railings had to be broken down; and then it could not be raised at once on to the basement of Dartmoor grey granite surmounted on a pedestal of red granite from Peterhead. Three weeks drifted by, before the first tarpaulins were slowly removed. Papers which supported the Duke in politics tended to praise the plans, the execution, and even the delay. Victors in ancient Greece did not enter the City by the common gate, they observed. They praised the size, the thickness of the metal ("an inch thick at the head and nearly two inches as the figure descends.") Papers which had liberal sympathies held their fire for the moment.

When the covering from the upper portion was removed, the storm of criticism began. What would be placed in Achilles' hand? "It looks very much as if it were sustaining a cup of physic which poor Achilles is loth to raise to his mouth," said *The Times*. When the shield was later added, opposition pointed out that it was unsuitable for Achilles. His shield had been vast and elaborate: this was plain and small. And what was hanging from his arm? A lady's shawl, said *The Times*. Supporters rallied: was not the shield 17ft. 3in. in circumference? Did not the figure receive balance from a coat of mail by the right leg? (This actually looks like a slaughtered torso sliced off neatly but obliquely at the neck.) As more of the statue was freed from ropes and covering, supporters re-emphasised the weight, the height of 36ft. in all. "Nothing can exceed the beauty of the figure . . . it is sublime in an extraordinary degree," said the *Courier*.

But these technical details were only on the fringe of the argument. No nude statues were then erected in England, and this was not only nude but colossal. Certain ladies who visited the foundry, said the opposition, were first astonished, and then insisted that a fig-leaf at least be added. For a few days when the statue was finally uncovered, crowds came to see it and to gasp. Many voiced their protests; decent ladies decided not to look at it, but rather to turn sharp left when entering the park. This made the fashionable walk, that along Rotten Row, for no genteel person, turned towards the present Marble Arch. Supporters rallied: the statue was modest, it was erected by command of George IV, it was the Ladies' Trophy, it "had not a single feature connected with the impure." The *Gentleman's Magazine* tried to defend the statue, but found it difficult: Achilles was "wholly uncovered" and could well be "more suitable to the taste of the British Fair." *Bell's Life*, a more sporting paper, enjoyed itself. The statue was not naked: "at the suggestion of the modest ladies it had been given the covering which Adam and Eve wore." Had not the tarpaulins been removed slowly so that eyes could become accustomed to it bit by bit? It was wrong to suggest it might later be given kilts. Later the paper noted that no royal carriages and few others ever passed that way, probably because they were frightened at the "naked majesty" of this "Anglo-Greco-Pimlico-heightoplotofical statue."

Such was the reception given "the grand colossal statue" erected by his grateful country-women in honour of the Duke of Wellington and inscribed in letters of gold. The gold was later stolen. For a time London was in two camps over it. The Duke himself seems to have made no comment. To-day it is a symbol for National Savings. Personally, I like it. T. B. SHEPHERD

Alpes Maritimes

I MET the American sailor standing before a carefully lettered wall-slogan in Antibes. It read: U.S. NAVY—GO HOME. His ship was riding in the harbour. He turned out to be from Texas, a man of some taste, such as that State produces. He said: "Mentone to Marseilles a hundred and fifty kilom'ters of high-class clip-joint."

It was, of course, an exaggeration, induced by the fact that, although the French talk anti-American to the English, resenting cocolonisation, they have as fine an appetite for dollars as we have and more ingenuity in extracting them. The U.S. is in the unhappy situation of a rich and romantic maiden: she yearns hopelessly to be loved for herself alone. Moreover, the American liberty-man, ashore from a warship, is not in the position of the ordinary visiting foreigner for whom, be he British, Dutch, Belgian, Swiss, German or American, vacation in one of the towns from Mentone to Marseilles is still, like ownership of a certain make of car or, in Britain, possession of a certain square-yardage of rhododendrons, one of the assurances of success, of arrival.

It is proper to the ruthless justice of capitalism to the capitalist that the principal mark of success is this: the successful man is worth robbing, and that by pleasant means and nearly painless methods. If, for the moneyed man, the Côte d'Azur is a clip-joint, it is because he desires it to be so; he would not be sure of his success unless the proprietors of hotels de luxe, restaurants, dress and jewel shops, did their best to overcharge him. The principal victims thus flattered are no longer British, although a few manage to fill their traditional role by means best known to themselves. It is the Belgians, the Swiss, a few Germans, and, of course, the Americans, and even the North French, whose cars dazzle by their opulence.

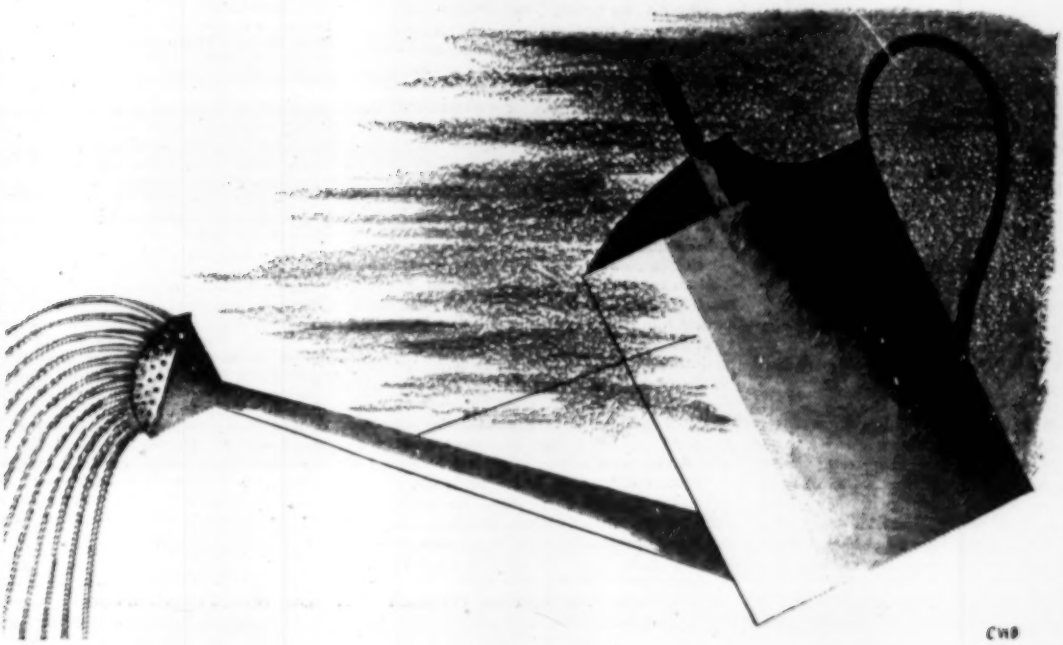
It is sufficient to compare Monte Carlo with the newer resorts, however, to see at once that things are no longer what they were. There is a chilling touch of economy in the new architecture of Nice and Antibes, whereas Monte Carlo's ostentation of sheer, solid wasted money is insolent. This past glory is recognised: from the point of view of the organisers of charabanc tours, the Casino has the standing of one of the more spectacular Gothic cathedrals; it is with the quiet, curious respect for something once, mysteriously, worthy of reverence, that coach tourists troop through the most famous gambling hell on earth. Here man wrestled with God—not, as at Chartres, for that incomprehensible archaism, his soul but, equally awful and much more useful, a fortune in cash.

For the coach tourists the famous pleasure towns retain the older glamour and are acquiring a new one—that of Pompeii. And for one class of semi-permanent inhabitants the towns seem to be as they ever were. We met one such on the train to Nice. Concerning her, our casual train companion said: "How boring and horrible they are, the aged rich." It was a sweeping, youthful statement, but perhaps there was some justification for it. The woman he referred to had come into our compartment just before the train got to S. Raphael; and needing someone to whom she could complain of the Wagon-Lits coffee, she had already spoken to me in the corridor. I had taken her for French; we had conversed in that language, and she had already been the victim of my acquaintance's stricture. He had listened to our talk with the frozen-faced disapproval of the young, and said, as she waddled away to her carriage, "I wish *They'd* travel First, and leave the Second for *Us*." And then, "The trouble with the French is that their democratic principles merely give them a profound contempt for good breeding, while their bourgeois traditions give them a deep reverence for money."

"Write that one down," I said, "before you forget it."

After that he would not speak to me for an hour, but recovered his temper later, until the old woman came back to our carriage, this time in need of someone to whom she could pour out her happiness at returning to her home in Nice. She had, she said, lived there for twenty-five years; later, when she warmed to the subject, she made it forty. She told us she was seventy and waited for me—she quickly gave up hope of her other listener—to exclaim and protest. I did so. Indeed, although the old face was raddled under its flaming poster colours, there

Two ears of corn where none grew before



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was not a grey hair on her head; and, following the direction of my eyes, she said: "I have never dyed my hair. A disgusting practice. The hair may look young but the face is old. One cannot dye the face." The paint on her mouth cracked as she smiled. But the dark brown of the hair may well have been natural, for as she explained, she had always taken care of herself. She spoke complacently, as of a virtue.

With England she seemed to be familiar: she occasionally visited friends there, defying the climate. "The food in your country! *Quelle misère!* For the next three months I shall eat beef steaks and calves' liver six times a week. It is necessary to my health."

"Taking," I said, "care of yourself."

"It is rational, is it not?" she agreed. Our train acquaintance shrank into his corner, disgusted at the idea of this old creature turning so much butcher's meat into so much support for her self-satisfaction. One could almost feel him turning vegetarian.

"Do you know Nice?" she asked.

"No."

"But you will?"

I explained that we were bound for the mountains, not for the coast.

"Such a pity," she said, "I should have liked to receive you."

"You are too kind."

She made quite a graceful little gesture of self-deprecation, smiling. Sharp as a shyster, she caught my glance at her long teeth. "My teeth," she said, "are my own . . . all of them. I have always looked after myself. My mother also. My husband not . . . and he is dead." She went on: "You would have liked Nice. There, I am invited three, four times a week. I frequent only the smartest people." She named the wife of an ex-Ambassador, and several others whose names were unfamiliar but who were, as our young acquaintance would have said in his argot, picked up, a trifle late, from Sartre, *les grosses légumes*. "And then, I also receive. They come to me, the smartest people. It is small, my villa, but pleasant. They do not mind the smallness. It is even better so."

I saw her point: so many furs, so many jewels, in so small a space, giving the impression that all the world was crowded with the rich. She mused until I remarked on the thorough and tidy cultivation of the litoral.

She shrugged a little. "It is not like in England," she said. "The soil is very rich, and then, the climate. They plant, they wait, and then . . ." She made a curious, inward scooping movement with her hands, to represent the easy gathering in of great profits while I looked over a countryside the ecology of which was visibly, at a glance, that of a poor, tired soil, only exploited with infinite pains, labour and ingenuity. "It is all the climate," she said. "For eight months last year . . . not a drop of rain."

I almost believed her. I could see for myself how the market-gardeners valued water, how they would never have enough, how the gardens would wilt and wither if no rains came off the mountains, and even the vines would suffer because too many men had felled too many trees for too many centuries.

"Yes," she said, "life is easy here for all. Not like in England. But you English never complain! I have seen your countrymen in Nice, in Cannes, forced to go home after only a taste of ease, of enough to eat and drink, but saying nothing. I am so sympathetic! To see them is a pain to me. They do not complain, but when they see the beefsteaks, the calves' livers, what bitterness must be in their hearts!"

I looked at her sharply, but she was far from joking. Her state of mind might, perhaps, be comprehensible to Lord Woolton: I could make nothing of it.

She picked up the book our silent, sulking companion had thrown down. It was *La Nausée*. She pulled a face. "Sartre is not happy, I think." She began to talk of books. She disliked the works of Mr. Maugham, adored Mr. Priestley, thought his last novel, "the Festival one", the best thing to come out since *La Madone des Sleepings*. The comparison seemed to me odd, but her whole literary thought was obscure to me until she said that she liked the people in her books to be "either gay or sophisticated, and, in any case, happy."

"Or rich?" I said.

"It is often the same thing, is it not?" If it was cynicism, it was sincere. I told her that the author she did not like had said that poverty spoiled a man, riches developed the finer qualities of heart and mind.

"But of course," she said, "*forcément*."

After she had left us, our companion spoke much ill of the Côte d'Azur towns *They* had made. I asked him where he was bound for. He named a village twenty miles from the coast, back in the mountains. "*Un petit coin pas cher*," he said, "a discovery." He leaned towards me to name the place in a lowered voice. I knew it quite well: it was, as he had said, "*un petit coin pas cher*" . . . but, only, as it were, professionally. About twice as dear as Nice, it flourished as a "discovery" which could be made by the sophisticated year after year. Its method of publicity was that of keeping its name out of the papers and pretending that the market-gardeners growing flowers for the coastal markets were peasants cultivating the olive-trees.

"You will not know the name, I'm afraid. Not one of these snob places."

"No, no," I said, "of course not."

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

GLYNDEBOURNE

By all the laws of journalism, I should speak first of Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, the novelty of the present Glyndebourne season, and second of Mozart's *Idomeneo*, which has been taken over more or less intact from last year. But on this occasion the laws of journalism must stand down: better *Cenerentolas* we may hope to hear, but we shall be lucky if we hear a better *Idomeneo*. It is difficult to describe its virtues without seeming to undervalue the achievement, last year, of that great man and profound Mozartian, Fritz Busch. That is the last thing I wish to do, for it is thanks to his long and devoted labours at Glyndebourne that the Mozart tradition now shows itself so firmly rooted there. But in the last year or two of his work a certain strain and nervous tension, due to his unsuspected illness, had begun to show itself; and it was perhaps this which prevented his *Idomeneo* from fully realising his—that is to say, Mozart's—intentions. This year the performers' greater familiarity with the novel score, the more radiant vocal condition of Sena Jurinac and the interpretative mastery of John Pritchard have combined to produce an outstanding result. "I never knew *Idomeneo* was such an exciting opera," said a lady behind me; and the effect of this performance was indeed such as to remove the work from the ranks of the great "museum" operas, and to encourage the notion that, even without festival advantages, it might somehow establish itself in the regular Mozartian canon.

From the opening of the overture, Mr Pritchard struck the note of dramatic tension which he contrived to retain throughout, not only in the large choral pieces and ensembles, but in the finely handled recitatives, whether accompanied or "dry," and in the often immensely long arias. Some may have feared, when Ilia's opening recitative melted into her aria, that the pace would be too great for the lovely semi-quaver passage in B flat; if so, they reckoned without the joint musicianship of Mr. Pritchard and Mme Jurinac, who held back by just that fraction which made the new phrase equally comfortable. And by the third act we saw the reason for these unflagging tempi: they sustained the long, slow action in a single majestic curve, as was evidently Mozart's intention in those frequent and surprising transitions from number to number, and from aria to recitative, which seem to show the young man already aiming at the ideal of "durchkomponiert" tragic opera.

I cannot enumerate the fine performances which went to make up this wonderful whole. Most of the singers improved on their work of last year, and the Electra of Maria Kinasiewicz also improved a little on that of her predecessor—though not much, for there is something horribly difficult in the vocal transitions this character is obliged to make from the spitfire of the first act, through the blandishments of Act II, to her jet fighter exit in Act III. As for Sena Jurinac, an essay would be needed to do justice to her Ilia. Last year, her voice was a little off colour (as appeared also in her Fiordiligi); this year she has fulfilled all her early promise and become a great Mozart singer. Her head notes are ideally soft, round and pure; but neither in this register nor in her solid, "forward" middle voice does she ever allow herself to hint at the notes, to state and immediately withdraw, in the current emasculate Viennese style; even the most delicate of her phrases is cleanly, firmly and memorably chiselled. Her lovely appearance and graceful movements were a continual delight to the eye; as were also Oliver Messel's receding pillars and colonnades, and Carl Ebert's vigorously dramatic handling of the action. The only unworthy elements are the feckless little ballet and the scarcely visible monster.

The orchestra, which had played so ravishingly in *Idomeneo*, played carelessly and sometimes too loud in *La Cenerentola*. Since we know Signor Gui to be a first-rate Rossinian, I incline to put this down to first-night nerves, always peculiarly fatal to a work of art which depends on vivacity and bounce. Whatever the cause, poor Cinderella seemed on this occasion a little under the weather. Rossini's bright balloons of exuberance and absurdity revealed small deflationary wrinkles, and stayed close to the ground. The second act went far better than the first; yet still something was missing. What was it? Bite, attack, flavour, sharp enunciation; the decisive gesture and the decisive phrase thrown confidently into the middle of the house; the instantaneous veering of the Italian genius from pride to rage, tears to smiles, pathos to farce. Of course, with three Italians in the cast, these qualities were not wholly absent; but they did not—again, I must emphasise, on the first night—fill the performance from end to end. The audience had a good time, but wasn't bowled over. And with Rossini there are no half measures: to be half-charmed, half-captivated, half-amused is not enough. There must be an *infection* of mirth—and of sensuous charm, too, or we shall begin to find the substance thin, the harmony limited, and so on. In fact, Rossini seldom miscalculates; but he counts on ripe, assured, dazzling performers.

Marina de Gabarain has many merits, but she does not really fill this difficult assignment. Her voice, if a little hollow, has an attractive dark colour, and she made a good sporting shot at the famous roulades and scales, without however endowing them with any sparkle, zest or surprise. Furthermore, her portrait of Cinderella was too realistic: downtrodden to an almost Chekhovian degree. One felt that in the household of Don Magnifico her little ditty might well have become

a bore—like a char's perpetual Moodey and Sankey; consequently, her later transformation seemed not wholly convincing, either to herself or to others. Juan Oncina, her Prince, had a good deal of vivacity, but he runs into vocal difficulties in his top register. By far the best performance came from Sesto Bruscantini, who made a richly comic business out of Dandini's impersonation of his royal master; his big duet with Ian Wallace (a conventionally effective Don Magnifico) went with a real swing. Ebert's invention of business for this scene was excellent, and he refrained throughout from a treatment too broad or farcical. Alda Noni and Fernanda Cadoni made a capital pair of spiteful sisters, and I particularly enjoyed the plump exactitude and gusto of Mme Cadoni's singing and diction; is it possible that a potential Cenerentola is concealed here? The subject would seem ideally suited to the talents of Oliver Messel; but except for two pretty vistas he is not at his best. The first scene, considering the quantity of characters and action it has to accommodate, is uncomfortably cramped; and at the ball he mixes his colours so lavishly that, as always in stage decoration, the law of diminishing returns comes into play.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

HELL AT HAMMERSMITH

A VISIT to "The Pink Room," the drinking club from which Mr. Rodney Ackland's new play takes its title, is a visit to Hell: the *habitués* are the Damned. The torture to which they have condemned themselves is loneliness; each of them is most cruel to the one person who loves them, each of them at their crisis murmurs, or cries, or howls "Don't leave me!" It is not much use your complaining, if you choose to pay a visit there yourself, that the people are all worthless. The Worthy have their habitation elsewhere—perhaps in the Committee Rooms of the Labour Party which lies across the street from The Pink Room. A few representatives of "outside" make an occasional appearance. One comes to bring a message from the world: one to say good-bye before abandoning her partner for good works: another just to watch, to know, perhaps, the worst.

Among the damned themselves there are degrees. There are the mercifully oblivious, like the "elderly bobby-soxer," Julia, or the remittance woman receiving forty pounds a month from her family on condition that she never sees them, but she is anyhow too soaked to see anything at all. These provide, out of their isolation, a macabre comic relief. Then, there are the partly compensated, the film director by his £500 a week; Elizabeth by her intentions of good doing, never translated into action; a lady reviewer by her reputation and her appetite for steak. Then there are what Plato describes as the slaves by nature, the director's secretary, the proprietress's assistant, the literary lady's attendant. And finally there are the partly and painfully conscious, represented by Hugh Marriner, a promising young novelist who hasn't written a word for five years.

In Hell nothing much happens, repetitiousness is the note; the cycle repeats like a gramophone record that is stuck; loneliness whisky momentary euphoria another whisky deeper layers of loneliness oblivion loneliness whisky momentary euphoria more whisky. Mr. Ackland charts the stages with an appallingly relentless eye and ear. His method is derived from Chekhov. Mr. Ustinov has usefully described it as the mosaic method. The series of coloured *tesseræ* are shaped and polished, and then the positioning of them, one against the other, is elaborately worked out for the values of tone or contrast, so that they can form a variegated whole. I wish I could say that I think Mr. Ackland has brought it off. The *tesseræ* themselves are for the most part finely worked and edged: there are moments of terrible comedy and some of a kind of ruthless personal cruelty that harrow the heart. But it must be admitted that the total effect is very much less than the individual parts.

Yet the play (at the Lyric, Hammersmith) is well worth a visit, especially for those interested in

IN THE HATTON GARDEN WORKSHOP of a scientific instrument maker, in 1895, strange new pictures were thrown on a magic lantern screen — pictures that *moved*. What may have seemed merely an intriguing novelty to the admiring witnesses was, in fact, the first commercially practicable film projector to be made in this country — the Theatrograph. Its inventor was Robert W. Paul, one of the purposeful men who made the 1890's a period of promise unique in our history. Another was Albert E. Reed, who that same year began to make supercalendered newsprint and other printing papers at Tovil, near Maidstone, having converted an almost derelict straw mill acquired the previous year. Expanding his paper-making business with the energy and enterprise so typical of the times, he founded one of the largest paper-making organisations in the world. For to-day the four mills of the Reed Paper Group, with its unrivalled technical experience and resources, produce more than a quarter of a million tons of paper a year — newsprint, printings, Reed's famous Aylesford Kraft and other kinds of wrapping papers.

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dramatic method and the attempt to state more than is commonly stated on our stages. The difficulty about Mr. Ackland's design is that it doesn't really admit of contrast. The horror of The Pink Room itself is exactly, devastatingly caught; but Hell is self-enclosed, and the reminders of another actuality are curiously unconvincing. Placed beside the reality of his world, "reality" which is introduced by references to the horror camps in Europe and the victory of Labour in the elections, seems absurdly unreal. Perhaps if the main character had put up some kind of struggle against damnation a link would have been established. Still, the play is never for a moment boring; and those who risk it will be rewarded by a great deal of remarkably good acting. Miss Hermione Baddeley is brilliant as the central figure, the proprietress of the club; a sad, shrill woman living on bare nerves from minute to minute. Among the grotesques Miss Betty Marsden, Mr. Ivan Staff, Miss Margaret Halstan and Miss Mignon O'Doherty are excellent. Mr. Austin Trevor catches the detestable cruelty of his character, and Mr. David Hurst the touching ineffectuality of his. I don't see how the producer, Mr. Frith Banbury, could possibly have been more helpful to the play. We must congratulate the management (new to me), Terence Rattigan Productions, for letting us see a piece which even if it had come off perfectly would have had, perhaps, only a limited appeal, and which has an enormous cast. Let us hope that, undeterred by discouragement, they will make other rarities available to us.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

To put over effectively the imagined voice of a well-known character is one of the hardest things a radio actor (or producer) has to do. I recall, for instance, a Johnson, a George Eliot and a General Wolfe in whom, with all good will, I could not bring myself to believe; as well as a Titus Oates and a Wellington in whom I could. The last two, though, were strongly characterised. *George Borrow* (Home Service) was one of those studies which the actors—and they included some good names—seemed unable to bring to life. The trouble began, I think, in the script; or, further back, in the unresolved idea behind it; it continued in a lack of boldness in the production. Like the workers in Masefield's carpet factory who never saw the whole design, the players appeared never to have a convinced idea of the central figure. A radio portrait, like any other kind, may be an impression or, more directly, an interpretation. The first might have conveyed something of Borrow's peculiar madness behind his work and travel; the second might, in modern terms, and making more use of Borrow's own writings, have attempted to explain it. *Lavengro*, Borrow's own version of his life story (he himself described it as "a dream, or drama") does in fact suggest a sort of prose *Peer Gynt*, with troll-like gipsy interludes—admirable material. But a flat episodic treatment, with wrong emphases (it gave such incidents as Borrow being rude to silly women at literary parties) and wrong emissions, was bound to fail. One might, though, have hoped for an ambitious failure, and not one of so ordinary a kind.

I first heard Henry Reed's *Pytheas*—a dramatic reconstruction of the fourth century Greek explorer's voyage to Thule—a year or two ago, perhaps more; it remained in my mind as one of the most striking examples of this form of radio writing. Listening to the new production I discovered that, apart from the music (which I had not forgotten) it was less mysterious than I had thought, and more witty. I should still consider it a classic of radio, though the *genre*, with its slang-and-poetry, its antique scene and modern eye, has since become almost a Third Programme commonplace. What *Pytheas* shows, however, is that the feature at its best is a creative form capable of most kinds of imaginative experiment. The advantages that it has over stage drama are stylistic; the greater power of movement and condensation; the unified visual effect that comes entirely from hearing. (This is not new in drama; the Elizabethans used it to bring landscape and climate to their empty stage.) In an outstanding cast Carleton Hobbs and Esmé Percy had the most chance to be entertaining, and used it with vigour and style.

Wynford Vaughan Thomas's *Report on the Colour Bar in Britain* was not only an expertly devised presentation but a valuable social document. It was a real inquiry, not paralysed by the awful tact that generally afflicts the sympathetic, and giving, among other evidence, the view of the white wife, the coloured child, the landlady. The final question and answer exchange with Leary Constantine had a directness rare in the radio interview; nor do we usually expect such freedom from interruption in the various answering speakers.

A listener of philosophic bent may have noted the ironic chance by which Friday's talk by Alistair Cooke (about American education) was followed almost immediately by Sir Richard Livingstone speaking about the very same subject on the Third. The one was anxiously asserting the advantages of the American system, which aimed at uniform thought and behaviour and suspicion of the original mind. The second, in a wise and elegant survey, considered the disadvantages of uniform behaviour and thought and the suppression of the individual mind which the American system too often produces. The same listener may also have turned an hour before to a Home Service programme called *Outbreak!*, a dramatised story from the West about a farm with foot-and-mouth disease. It is no bad thing that we should be told, even in this way, what is implied in those frequent casual news items. But the odd feature of this little morality, which involved a hasty-tempered farmer and a misjudged German daughter-in-law called Ingrid, was the way in which it turned somehow from the disease to a recommendation, if we were a young man and a farmer, to bring home a wife from Germany.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"Tora-No-O," at the Rialto
"Diplomatic Courier," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"L'Uomo dal Guanto Grigio," at Studio One

The triumph of *Rashomon* has brought a quick follow-up. *Tora-No-O*, by the same director, Akira Kurosawa, is a lesser work, though in its way almost as fascinating. Once more the forest, the twelfth century, the endangered nobleman; but this time terror is muted and in place of mime we have incantation. The file of monks, with cropped heads, boxes strapped to their backs, pompons in front, marches along mountain paths, and to bring up the rear there's a little porter who runs to and fro, grimacing and doing all the talking, that talk coming round in the end to the subject of the Barrier they are near. An order has gone out from the Governor for his brother's arrest; the suspected persons may be disguised as monks; they number, let's see (here the little porter looks round, suddenly appalled, and begins to count)—seven! Seven aloof, implacable, mighty men are they. The Chaplinesque trend of events—for the porter is quite a Charlie in a way, except for his wagging tongue, and over him now towers a fierce bearded giant reminiscent of *The Count*—suffers a change: unspeakably awful now are the seven dauntless figures, squatting in council, in the forest shade, their supremacy emphasised by one of those pauses, without sound or move, characteristic of this director's style. (A simple test for talkies: how good is the quality of their silence?) From that point, gossip has died away, the dreadfulness of the adventure takes charge; resolution, chiefly expressed in the person of one man to whom the others turn naturally for guidance, decides that they shall bluff it out, face the forewarned officer of the Barrier, and die or

escape to prove their innocence. A tremendous scene is built up: the meeting, the trial of wits, the dandling at the sword point, the triumphant issue; and to the already mentioned spokesman (Denjiro Okochi) belongs the role of major contestant, as in *Rashomon* all hung upon the sway of the robber-murderer. Power allied to formal grace is the first requisite of these dramas, virtuosity the second: Denjiro Okochi uses an incantation for which we have no European parallel except in that *sprachsang* of despair and caricature that marks *Wozzeck*. His prayer, when they kneel to prepare ritually for death, has an electric thrill; and so, too, has his ceremonious reading of an imaginary plea for donations. The camera makes particular play with the unflinching close-up and the turned back in the distance, the bowed figure: here the human voice attains declamatory heights, there its complete absence tells. No such range of expressiveness meets us anywhere else in the cinema, and it is the special virtue of these films that their formality should employ beautiful and insolent means. A Baudelaire poem—say, *La Charogne*—realises perhaps similar ideals.

Diplomatic Courier is a full-fashioned thriller, with a Peter Cheney novel in the background, and clichés well to the fore. Muddling, amorous diplomat, blonde and brunette, disguised voices over the telephone, night train journeys, and the put-'em-up scene capped by another gun entering behind: all have been brought out of the obsolete file to help the struggle between America and Russia. Since the film was directed by Henry Hathaway, it doesn't lack a certain smartness.

The clichés of the new Italian film at Studio One are even more time-worn. After a fairly promising start with art-dealers and touching up the masters, a night-club is opened (night clubs should, of course, be banned for a couple of years from all films), the hero sings loudly and interminably, three corpses fall with a deadly monotony, and the end which we have seen from the beginning blossoms wonderfully into an underground salon of stolen masterpieces entered by playing a phrase on an antique organ. Collector's piece, in more sense than one.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Leonard Pennario, at the Wigmore Hall

Capitol discs had prepared us for something brilliant, but the transcendental pianism of this young American, who made his London debut last Friday, surpassed all expectations. Nobody to-day plays the piano *better* than Pennario. There may be pianists who announce the theme of the op. 109 finale in a more profoundly thoughtful way, who perhaps start *Ondine* with a more seductively silvery shimmer, but none who renders so electrifyingly the surges of sound in that piece, or who touches so exquisitely the second of the repeated notes in *Le Gibet*. Pennario's playing knows no limits: the technique is magnificent, and unshakeable (trills go off like electric bells, *Scarbo* sounds easy); the tone consistently rich and fine—though *fff* is tremendous, he never goes "through" it. One awaits with no anxiety, only excitement, the fiendish passages. Busoni must have played very like this. It was not what people call "simply virtuoso playing" (as though virtuosity were ever simple); a Chopin mazurka, nocturne, and scherzo were given deeply poetical, consummate readings, Prokofiev's *Visions Fugitives* were imaginative and magical.

A. P.

Paintings by Roger Hilton, at Gimpel Fils

Roger Hilton is a natural painter. That is to say, he cannot put brush to canvas without creating a splotch, smear, streak, stain or smudge (in other words, "a brushstroke") that is not charged with expressive quality. And when I say expressive, I do not mean expressionist. Hilton is the opposite of that: he is a contemplative among painters. For him the calm virtues of the craft are the main point of departure: deliberate design; fine, rich and exceptionally varied colour; and a paint texture that shows an equal variety and inventiveness—these are not merely his means: they are also his inspiration. Indeed, Hilton begins and ends with paint. His whole system of pictorial thought and emotion is centred in his brushstrokes themselves. The precise character, the texture, size, colour, tone, direction and rhythm of each ragged touch is his main conscious preoccupation. And this is why he is abstract. The *quality* of his paint surfaces fills his conscious mind and, thus obtruding, prevents him seeing round or beyond it to the need for a subject. Nevertheless, what we call "the subject" is something eternally present in visual art. Our minds insist on reading a double meaning into every graphic mark made on paper or canvas. So, into Hilton's systems composed of fat splotches of orange, black or scarlet, or of thin nervous streaks of dull khaki, mushroom, pale viridian or lemon yellow, we involuntarily read a three-dimensional meaning: we find "a subject."

P. H.

"Whistler's Mother," at the New Boltons

The scene is a Chelsea studio, the time vaguely the 'Eighties. The dados are going up on every wall and Mr. Whistler is giving a party. One by one the guests—Lady Colin Campbell, the P.R.A., pretty widowed Mrs. Godwin and Odette the model—make their appearance. Mr. Oscar Wilde teeters in, followed closely by a period Bertie Wooster in green corduroy. "Why the Mr. Swinburne?" he purrs. "It was Algy once!" Last of all comes Mr. Tom Taylor, art critic of *The Times* and cast for the role of demon King in Dr. Bachmann's super-aesthetical panto. Putting up his eye-glass, Mr. Taylor reads in a firm Cockney voice from Mr. Ruskin's comments in *Fors Clavigera*. A hush falls, skittishness is banished; one by one the guests steal away. Much downcast, Mr. Whistler, like Dick Whittington and his cat, is alone with Mum. The ensuing acts give us a glimpse of the Ruskin libel trial and of Mum's efforts to marry Her boy off. There is one good scene—good because it has been largely taken from life—in which Whistler sells his portrait of Carlyle to a rough emissary from "the great city of Glasgow"; and there is one terrible scene with a bailiff, which only Miss Louise Hampton's art saves from embarrassment. Without Miss Hampton, Dr. Bachmann's play would be impossible; her performance is superb and in her best dry vintage manner—a striking lesson to younger actresses in the art of dealing with recalcitrant material. Sheila Sweet makes a prettily clinging Mrs. Godwin. As Whistler, Robert Beaumont, like Oscar and Algy, simpers and postures a great deal too much. Ronald Lane's production seems based on the idea that enough bustle and wheeling-about on a small stage automatically creates an atmosphere of *haut ton*. Mr. Kenneth Lawson's set is excellent.

J. N. B. R.

"The Rake's Progress," at Sadler's Wells

The Rake's Progress has been revived by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet with great success. This young company has a verve and spontaneity that cover to a great degree the lack of style which should grace this tragedy of manners. Their performance is very different from one I saw at Covent Garden some time ago, presented by the main Sadler's Wells company, where the dancers were unable to create the atmosphere of sordid vitality that gives Ninette de Valois' formal choreography its brilliant, human quality. The more experienced company was as dull as could be: the brothel scene being peopled by prim typists and the gambling den by faded salesmen. The members of the little company have far fewer inhibitions and are as lively and disreputable as one could wish. Alexander Grant as the Rake, though imported from the big company, matches their general tone; but he has not enough sense of period stylisation; this is no less true of Donald Britton as the Dancing Master, whose elegant precision should serve to enhance the rude character of the Rake's other hangers-on. Sheila O'Reilly is also gauche as the Betrayed Girl. Her pathetic sewing solo is full of stilted movements that stop short just as they should follow through in harmony with the lyrical music, and this irritating characteristic is hard to disguise. I can remember becoming uneasy even with Markova's tendril-like finesse on the first night seventeen years ago. Yet *The Rake's Progress* remains one of the most exciting and clearly constructed ballets Sadler's Wells has produced, and it is delightful to see it played once more with unaffected spirit.

A. F.

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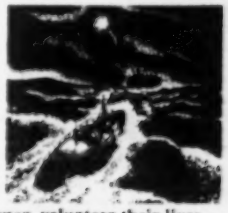

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SOVIET DEFENCE

SIR,—The *N.S. & N.* is to be congratulated on publishing Mr. Miller's article on "Soviet Defence," which should help to bring realism into the current Great Debate on the rearmament programme. It is remarkable that the largest peace-time arms programme in our history should have been launched and maintained without serious public discussion of whether our alleged enemy

(a) was spending more in real terms on defence than we and the United States were before the arms programme was launched in 1949;

(b) is now in 1952 spending more or less on defence than is the West.

Mr. Miller's analysis, which relies (I think correctly) mainly on the E.C.E. man-year data, provides some answer to these questions. As he says, these data make it clear that the number of man-years devoted to defence in both 1951 and 1952 is far greater in the U.S. than in the U.S.S.R. (Incidentally, they also show up the disproportionality of the British defence burden: the number of man-years *per capita* devoted to defence in the U.K. is seen to have been greater than in any other major country, including both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.; and in 1952 the British effort is to be exceeded only in the U.S.)

For 1949, the E.C.E. report states that U.S. expenditure was 4.7 million man-years, against 8.4 million in the U.S.S.R.; or 31 per 1,000 inhabitants, against 42 in the U.S.S.R. But allowance needs to be made for the much greater output which a U.S. man-year represents, in view of the lower productivity of labour in the U.S.S.R. (a fact which in other contexts American experts on Soviet economy are fond of stressing). When this adjustment is made, it becomes reasonably certain that *in real terms the U.S. defence output was no less than that of the U.S.S.R. before the Western rearmament programme was started*, both in sum and *per capita*.

A somewhat more hazardous approach to these questions may be made by attempting to assess the Soviet and U.S. defence efforts as a part of the total National Income, and then making a correction for the relative sizes of the two National Incomes. In the case of the Soviet Union, it is difficult to be certain either what proportion of the Budget is in fact devoted to Defence in the wider sense, or what proportion of the total National Income passes through the Budget; with both the U.S.S.R. and the U.S., it is difficult to arrive at an adequate and comparable definition of the National Income. (Mr. Miller himself demonstrates how hazardous a task this kind of estimation is when he attempts to assert that Soviet Naval Expenditure has been excluded from the Defence allocation since 1949; in fact, both in 1950 and in 1952 the Soviet Finance Minister has specified that both the Army and the Navy Ministries are in those years included in the defence item of the Budget—see *Izvestiya*, 14.6.1950; and *Planovoye khozyaistvo*, No. 2, 1952.)

In spite of these difficulties, it is worth noting that even on the basis of the extreme estimates of the *Economist* (15.3.52), the Soviet defence expenditure in 1952 works out at only some 22 per cent. of the National Income, or slightly higher proportion than in the U.S. Yet the United States' National Income must be at least *three times* as large as that of the U.S.S.R., and therefore if we use the *Economist*'s estimates we reach the conclusion that U.S. defence expenditure in real terms is to be treble that of the U.S.S.R. this year.

If there is any error in these calculations, it would not seem to be on the side of under-estimating the level of Soviet defence expenditure. Any upward adjustment needed in the U.S.S.R. figures as a result of the relatively low level of her defence and industrial prices generally as compared with those of consumers' goods would seem to be compensated by the bias of the *Economist*'s assumptions which I have used; these are that in 1952 one-third of the Budget will be devoted to defence (a figure which is probably too high), and that two-thirds of the Soviet National Income passes through the Budget (Bergson, hardly likely to give the U.S.S.R. the benefit of the doubt, suggests that the Budget represented 36 per cent. of the National Income in 1936; and this proportion cannot have changed radically since).

Now the most significant point in all this is that if we apply the *Economist*'s assumptions to the earlier years, it appears that defence expenditure in the U.S. amounted to some 10 per cent. of the National Income in 1949, and in the U.S.S.R. to some 17 per cent. of the much smaller National Income. It again appears that in 1949 the Soviet defence expenditure was smaller in real terms than that of the U.S.

This result can also be reached in other ways, for example, by applying to 1949 Mr. Miller's estimate that 13 per cent. of Soviet industrial production is now going to military purposes, or Mr. Bevan's statement (*In Place of Fear*, p. 159) that "this year [1952] the U.S.A. will devote to arms fifteen million tons more steel than the total steel output of the Soviet Union."

Thus it can be confirmed that Soviet defence expenditure in real terms was no higher than that of the U.S. in 1949 from four independent sources (the E.C.E. man-year data, the *Economist*'s assumptions about the Soviet Budget and National Income, Mr. Miller's calculation of defence production based on the "1941 Plan," and the data on steel output).

This would seem to invalidate the *N.S. & N.*'s comment on Mr. Miller's article that "over the post-war years Soviet military expenditure has been . . . until 1951 higher than that of Britain and the U.S." In the light of this evidence, even the reduced level of rearmament advocated by Mr. Bevan and his supporters seems to be an unnecessary sacrifice of our economic interest to an attempt of the U.S. to secure overwhelming predominence in arms for NATO; while the maintenance of the present level of Western rearmament is a piece of folly indeed.

Birmingham, 5. R. W. DAVIES

FARMS AND FOOD

SIR,—I would like to underline the statement in "Farms and Food" that "The major part of any further increase in output must come from the 200,000 small farmers with holdings of less than 100 acres." It is not generally realised that under efficient management a small farm, by the greater use of stock and better integration of its various departments, is capable of a far higher average output of saleable food than the large farm can achieve. Figures as high as £150 per acre annual sales have been reached, while £50 to £100 is quite common. Since the national average is approximately £15 it is obvious that we have an excellent means of increasing food production permanently in the properly managed small farm. At the moment £30 per annum average sale from every acre would make us self-supporting.

We should use this annual output or sales per acre from each farm as a yardstick of efficiency, both because our main difficulty is the small (and still diminishing) area of agricultural land in relation to our population, and because it has been found that the highest output per acre figures are always associated with low costs of production and efficient use of labour.

Our main problem is to find the right kind of farmers to achieve the high output. Small farmers, as your correspondent points out, are apt to be inefficient. But this is a legacy of the pre-war days and is mainly confined to the older generation. Many young farmers are only waiting for a lead from the Government, combined with intelligent advice based on a settled policy, to go ahead.

With regard to land tenure the best solution will prove to be nationalisation and the renting of farms on life tenancies, on the understanding that the farmer has the right to appoint his successor, subject to his being approved as a suitable person to farm the land. This will retain the family interest in the land, which is the keystone of successful small-scale agriculture. This form of tenancy works satisfactorily in some parts of the Vale of Evesham.

Finally, fresh capitalisation, as you point out, is only of value if it can reduce cost. The best way of securing this is the scheme which has been put forward of pegging loans to the annual output per acre figure of each farm. A further loan will only be granted if the farmer has succeeded in raising his annual sales output by the use of the first one, proving that he is capable of efficient use of the capital.

These measures, combined with some means of keeping the hobby-farmers off the land, could quickly bring about a revolution in our agriculture. If the Labour Party can persuade its trade union members to face the fact of the absolute necessity of a substantial and permanent increase in home food production and make them realise that their food will eventually be cheaper and not dearer, there is no reason why it should not be brought about, without in any way upsetting the larger farmers who are at present doing more than their fair share (often at the expense of the fertility of their land) of growing our food. DENNIS PECK

Churchill, Oxon.

THE KOREAN SITUATION

SIR,—Two years ago the United Nations consented to the sending of forces to "repel aggression and set up a united, peaceful and democratic Korea." They acted upon the most cursory investigation, under heavy pressure from a single Power, and upon the instruction of a Security Council whose composition was open to question. The war which has continued ever since has caused more misery and been conducted with more indiscriminate savagery than any previous campaign of similar scale. The Governments concerned began with a cause which was suspect: they have rendered it vile. They have employed methods of war which have resulted in the estimated death of one in five of the population of Korea. They have, from the standpoint of "repelling aggression," effectively won the war against North Korea, and the victory has been thrown away by the deliberate action of General MacArthur. The peaceful and democratic government they championed has revealed itself as a tyranny whose disgusting character not even they themselves have been able to whitewash. The conversion of a limited civil war into an international cockpit has bitterly exacerbated world tension. The United Nations has been effectively wrecked, and its claims to stand for decency and humanity made a laughing stock.

It has been argued that this is a police action. In what civilised country would the police massacre the population of a city to reassert law and order? It has been argued that once the word "aggression" has been pronounced at Lake Success, all thought is thereby superseded and all human decency abrogated—we can butcher as we like, with napalm, with firing squads, with area bombing: the moral responsibility rests on the "aggressors." Even Pilate needed rather more water than that. It has been said that we cannot abandon Korea to a Communist tyranny. I would ask in all seriousness what abuses we have left for such a tyranny to commit. The killing of three million people? Execution of men, women and children? Torture? Violence against prisoners? Deliberate suppression of inconvenient fact? The tyrants will have their work cut out. Mr. Churchill deplores the public description of Syngman Rhee as a "thug and a blackguard" because such statements may have international repercussions. I do not think that it is an excess of plain speaking which has brought us into our present situation. It has been argued that to abandon the war now would be a betrayal of men who have laid down their lives. Because brave men have been led to die in a worthless cause, I see no reason to sacrifice more. We can see with our own eyes the fruits of "collective security" and (the struggle for justice, peace and freedom as it is interpreted by the U.N. High Command, and I submit that we defile ourselves by remaining associated with it.

I know that Governments never change their minds—that however many politicians in the West now recognise the Korean intervention as a blunder and its continuance as a crime, no such admission can be expected. I know that the Korean people count for nothing when issues of high principle are involved, and that it is always preferable, in the currency of contemporary thought, to extend the war indefinitely than to admit the possibility of withdrawal. Macbeth's argument always holds good.

But I do not believe that the general public, either in this country or in America, is deceived. I believe that it is as sick as I am of the "easy speeches that comfort cruel men." And I think that the

realisation is growing that there is no justification, moral or political, for the presence of a single British or American soldier, or the loss of a single British or American life, in the continuance of this foolish and disgraceful war. It would be easier to accept the humanitarian scruples of the United Nations over repatriation if they had been in evidence in other contexts and at an earlier date. If a truce can be had, that at least will give some respite to the people of Korea. If it cannot, I urge everyone who respects the good name of this country, and who blamed the German people for their acquiescence in Hitler and his works, to demand that Britain withdraw from Korea. It is time that we made some gesture, however belated, which will enable us to appear in the counsels of the nations without shame.

London, S.E.23. ALEX COMFORT

LABOUR'S POLICY

SIR,—The Labour Party has had half of a good idea. That is, through its discussion pamphlets it is going to find out what its ordinary members think. At present, however, the other half is missing: the members have been given no new ideas to discuss.

My branch recently held a meeting to consider the pamphlet *Problems of Foreign Policy*, a hotch-potch of over-familiar statements, and we had to hunt round as best we could for other ideas. Democracy is an excellent thing, but it is not ordinary rank-and-file members like myself who make new policies, but the experts on the subject.

It would be a great help if at the end of future pamphlets there could be a list of books and other pamphlets to read on the subject, both from the point of view of the Left and of the Right, orthodox and unorthodox.

Boars Hill, Oxford. MARY A. WATSON

WAR ON WANT

SIR,—I was greatly heartened by the leading article in which you so warmly commended the "War on Want" report which Harold Wilson's committee has just produced for The Association for World Peace, because I can hardly imagine any subject on which it is more important for thoughtful people to have authoritative information in a short compass.

But it was only through an accidental contact with one of the authors that I found out how to get a copy. The Association could not have priced their report as low as a shilling post free, if they had intended the normal trade distribution; and I find it can only be had from members or friends of The Association, or from its office at 14 Henrietta Street, W.C.2.

SYBIL THORNDIKE

THE FUTURE OF BROADCASTING

SIR,—Why is it held as a matter of dogma that the Labour Party must support the monopoly of the B.B.C.? Nationalisation in general is supported by Socialists because of its economic advantages; but monopoly-broadcasting is supported despite its economic defects. This is to me a mystery. The B.B.C. is two-thirds a provider of entertainment (high, low, and medium grade) and one-third an instrument of adult education. What is wrong with competition in the world of entertainment? Or even of making money? Is Chaplin a worse artist because he makes money? Is Robey, Grock or Danny Kaye? Was Irving or Beerbohm Tree? Even Shakespeare, it is thought, liked his profits. Yet it could be argued that he elevated the "public taste." I can see no argument whatever, except intellectual snobbery, against putting the entertainment-side of broadcasting in the hands of those who know the entertainment business—concert managers, theatre managers, variety managers, and so on.

Commercialism in adult education is no doubt an evil; but a monopoly in it is even worse—no wonder the B.B.C. is popularly supposed to be staffed with Roman Catholics and Communists. The original monopoly sprang simply from technical backwardness—there were too few wavelengths for anything else. Now the technical backwardness is prolonged in order to justify the monopoly. Yet there is no technical reason why, say, the London area, should not have ten television programmes playing simultaneously, and up to two hundred sound programme alternatives. With a little imagination, every University, every W.E.A. area, every town council, every organised body of opinion enlightened and unenlightened could have its own station; and the B.B.C. could still provide a national service, as happens in Canada and Australia.

The discussion of broadcasting seems to me to have got off on the wrong foot. We start by saying "sponsored radio is evil" and then arrive at the conclusion that even monopoly is worth paying as the price of avoiding it. Instead we ought to start by saying: "monopoly in culture, entertainment or education is evil" and then go on to find an answer, of which sponsored radio might be part. I suspect that the Labour Party is bedevilled by its Nonconformist past. It disapproves of entertainment and wants to use broadcasting as "uplift." If people want uplift, they can get it; if they don't want it, why should it be rammed down their throats? In my opinion, it is possible to be a Socialist and still to believe in freedom. And freedom means letting people have what they want, not what I think is good for them—nor even what you do.

Oxford. A. J. P. TAYLOR

DESMOND MacCARTHY

SIR,—I should like, if I may, to add a postscript to the appreciations of Desmond MacCarthy which have appeared in your last two issues.

I knew Desmond only during the last four years of his life; yet his loss seems to me like that of a very old friend. This, I think, exemplifies one of his leading characteristics—the faculty for inspiring, in people much younger than himself, not only respect and admiration, but deep affection.

I myself, as a writer, am enormously in his debt: not only was he generous with his praise—none more so—but he had the uncanny knack of lighting upon those very defects in one's work which one knew to be present yet dared not consciously acknowledge to oneself. Such criticism, not less than his praise, seemed flattering, because one knew that he was judging one's very jejune efforts by the same high standards which he applied to the best.

He would take endless trouble to clarify his ideas upon topics which most people would have been content to dismiss with a casual phrase. Thus, on one occasion, he had expressed some curiosity about a rubbishy play which had had an inordinately long run at a London theatre; I offered to take him to it, and we duly went. The play proved to be quite as appalling as I had expected, and I felt not a little guilty at having subjected Desmond to such an ordeal. He didn't say much that night, except to thank me warmly for taking him; but a day or two afterwards he wrote me a long letter of four or five pages, analysing the play in all its aspects, and setting forth what he held to be the reasons for its popular success. (Characteristically, he forgot to post the letter, and it didn't arrive till some weeks later—*poche restante*, as he apologetically explained.) Who else I wonder, in the circumstances, would have bothered to do as much? JOCELYN BROOKE

BON VIVEUR

SIR,—With reference to your review of our *Around Britain with Bon Vivear*, we would like to point out that almost all the regional dishes we discuss have appeared in some form or another in various publications published from 1904 to the present day. There are obviously only a certain number of source books of this type of material to which anyone writing about it must refer. We are, by the way, indebted to your reviewer for having pointed out certain errors of proof reading, for which we humbly cry "*peccavi*."

BON VIVEUR

[The authors have substantiated their claim by including a list of items which do not appear in Whitbread's Handbook. Our reviewer writes: "Against Bon Viveur's 14 original references I would like to point to 46 which are also listed in Whitbread's *Receipts and Relishes*, published in 1950, under the appropriate counties. Of the making of cookery books which echo one another, there is, it seems, no end."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Made for halcyon days

When boaters bedecked the Thames, the Edwardian reserved his unstinted approval for perfection and nothing less. In that fastidious age Straight Cut won their good name. Today they are still blended to add to life's most pleasurable moments.

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Books in General

As time goes by the novels of Anthony Powell stake a sizeable claim in the dead centre of English social comedy and on an eminence of their own. It has become a situation of solid privacy. For the typical comedies of the last twenty years (if we run over the names of Firbank, Evelyn Waugh, Huxley, Osbert Sitwell, Wyndham Lewis and Henry Green) have had the mad, extravagant and tendentious flourish and have run, on the whole, to artifice, poetry or farce; we lose, in these writers, the ground of traditional good sense and sanity. The poetic is subdued in Mr. Powell. The profound, inexhaustible passion of the English for submitting private life to the minute tyranny of social inspection, the strong disbelief in spoken feeling, the subtle and even malicious pleasure in greyness, the comedy of having the right views about the right people, the brutal appreciation of the disasters of those trying to "get in," the general air of tolerable self-laceration and conventional secretiveness—all these are threads in the national tweed from which his works are perfectly tailored. When the townee with the beard gets thrown out riding, when the corridor-creeper collides with the butler and blacks his eye in the night, when a debutante pours castor sugar over a young man's head, when the drink flows, and one poor lunatic is exposed Malvolio-like in all the horror of whatever may be his simple consoling vice—Major Fosdick was, privately, an Eonist—we recognise the traditional ingredients. The studied, sententious prose, the deliberate low pressure and leisure of the narrative, the triple-edged comment give the final flavour:

> "Shall we leave the gentlemen to their port?" said Mrs. Widmerpool, when finally the subject had been picked bone dry.
>
> She mouthed the words "gentlemen" and "port" as if they might be facetiously disputable as strictly literal descriptions in either case.

And that final phrase "in either case," quite unnecessary to the meaning, adds just that extra fragrance of heavy tautology from the sedate fields of English social consequence. The longer the joke, the deeper the satisfaction. Flavour is the aim of this comedy which is as hard as a game of cards among trained social players. Jane Austen would stiffen at the antics of a society now gin-scented, leadened by business men and penetrated by successful Bohemia; cocktails have loosened the eyes, voices and shoulder straps; but she would recognise the comedy of character, self-interest and the un-square deals of behaviour as her own.

But, with *A Question of Upbringing*, published last year, and now its sequel, *A Buyer's Market**, a new thickening and maturity have come to Mr. Powell's work. The early novels like *Afternoon Men* and *Venusberg* and *From a View to a Death* shared a sharp, electric, almost lyrical, performance. One of the earliest writers to expose people, and even more their way of life, by the follies of their dialogue, Mr. Powell took a number of specimens of the Jazz Age and drily left little commentary. *Afternoon Men* gave one a stiff shot of party life; *Venusberg*, romantic yet lapidary, commemorated the love affair abroad; *From a View to a Death*, that social return-match: the undesirable artist among the speechless fox-hunters. Here Mr. Powell's Stendhalian dryness began to warm and a deadly moralist appeared. For this is the novel of Major Fosdick, a very rare bird indeed in the English Tweedery, and one of ingenious complication. A tendency to overdress, so that even "the skin of his face was covered by small diagonal lines similar in pattern to that of his coat," was not to be attributed to any shortness of genealogy in Major Fosdick; he was far from being a stockbroker. The deep boredom and privacy of English country life had brought out something cross-gartered in his nature. He would lock himself in his dressing room, when the fit was on, and would dress himself in a woman's evening dress and picture hat and then, taking out an exercise book, write poetry. What we so anxiously hope for indeed happens: he is caught by an enemy squire and neighbour in this rig-out and, wits not moving fast in those acres, he might have been able to palm himself off as his own wife. A moustache betrayed him.

A scene of this kind is, of course, a stock one in farce and it is funny enough as it stands. But everything lies in the handling and here we see the first signs of Mr. Powell's coming maturity. He is never satisfied with a mere joke. The encounter has two beauties: first that Fosdick compromises. He takes off the picture hat and swings it absurdly as he talks; second, neither man mentions his astonishment or horror, but treats the whole episode *à l'anglaise*, as a test of character and upbringing. Fosdick knows he will have now to surrender in the long row over his pheasants. He retires, stiff in the upper lip, to a nursing home in the proper way. Mr. Passenger, the squire, will go home and, as is proper, forbid his daughters the house, but he too recognises moral defeat. He had considered himself a man of independent genius whose luck was always out, a potential superman who had never had his chance. His tragedy is that:

> In this moment of emergency he had been thrown back on the old props of tradition and education and when he might have enjoyed a substantial revenge he had behaved with all the restraint in the world.

The characters in *From a View to a Death* are perennial in the classical English comedy of country life and the national mixture is there, even to the mad cynicism of the cautionary tale. I am thinking of the barrel organ players who appealed for charity on the grounds that they were orphans.

> The postulation rested wholly on the handicap of loss of parents, which because the youngest of the orphans must have been at least 40 years of age, was in their case presumed to have persisted into early middle life.

But if the characters are the same, the observation is revised. They are done in new colours. Mr. Powell is, as we know, devoted to Aubrey's *Lives* and his comedy has behind it a stolid native melancholy that is terrifyingly full-blooded. He has wit, but it is not rapier-play; rather it leaves a skilful boxer's marks upon the body of the enemy. The characters retire bruised, not nicked, from the ring. And then an unusual dimension is added to his people: they are reconsidered. They are not only figures of fun and amusement; they have a serious relation to their own experience or to the author's, so that we are shown the comedy of social history.

Mr. Powell's social curiosity has been his growing point, though just before the war, he turned aside from it to write *What's Become of Waring?* Here he uses his favourite devices lightly. The farce is a cleverly concocted series of double-crossings and the pair of quarrelling publishers in this book with a phoney author on their hands are very funny. Mr. Powell's detail is always new, dry, exact and never facetious. All the same, the tale is a deviation from which he has now returned to the serious impulse of his laughter in his two post-war books. *A Question of Upbringing* and its new sequel, *A Buyer's Market*, are works of elaborate evocation. Like Sir Osbert Sitwell, Mr. Powell seems to cast an eye upon Proust in these two volumes when he bases these stories on an inquiry into his narrator's past. In a world in which standards and values have vanished, to what do we turn? To the attempt to find out a personal pattern—that favourite word of unbelieving anthropologists—to the sober technical question as to where we were accurate and where (through immaturity) off the mark in the consideration of ourselves, our friends and our world. We become the pedants of the cult of personal relationships.

This pedantry is the basis of Mr. Powell's new comedies. *A Buyer's Market* reconsiders the characters of *A Question of Upbringing* and both books fill in at length the social scene that was left out in *Afternoon Men*. So we have a finely painted, detailed picture of the last year at Eton, the London Season, the first ventures in society, the first stages of a career; and in the background the upper classes start on that peculiar course of chasing after artists, drifting into Bohemia, the demi-monde and the business rackets, which has been typical of our age. *A Buyer's Market* contains three absurd figures from this time: Mr. Deacon the aging bad painter, Uncle Giles the shady rebel, and the superb Widmerpool whom we had first seen at Eton—wronged, earnest, narrowed and ambitious. Widmerpool is a wonderful portrait of the go-getting young man—he is Fielding's Blifil, but now in business—whose pursuit of the main chance has given a growing squint to his life. He talks like a Pep book, he calculates absurdly aloud, he is prone to social disasters of the first magnitude. He is not debagged by the young oafs at the debs' ball, but he does get covered with castor sugar; it is he who is made to pay for the Free Love girl's abortion; it is he who drives his car into the ornamental urn at the magnate's castle and who makes a ludicrous appearance behind the bars in the dungeon there. Widmerpool never comes up smiling; muttered indignation attends his injuries. He becomes the victim one cannot love, crouching round the ashes of his private shames, but he has his own private laugh. For his pursuit of private respectability and the windy justifications of the yes-man is always successful.

The farce of Widmerpool gains from the sententious, slow motion manner of Mr. Powell's writing. The deb sprinkles Widmerpool lightly with the sugar pot:

> More from surprise than because she wished additionally to torment him, Barbara did not

* *A Buyer's Market*. By ANTHONY POWELL. *Heinemann*. 12s 6d.

remove her hand before the whole contents of the vessel—which voided itself in an instant of time—had descended upon his head and shoulders, covering him with sugar more completely than might have been thought possible in so brief a space. Widmerpool's rather sparse hair had been liberally greased with a dressing—the sweetish smell of which I remembered as somewhat disagreeable when applied in France—this lubricant retaining the grains of sugar, which, as they adhered thickly to his skull, gave him the appearance of having turned white with shock at a single stroke, which judging by what could be seen of his expression, he might very well in reality have done underneath the glittering incrustations that enveloped his head and shoulders. He had writhed sideways to avoid the downpour, and a cataract of sugar had entered the space between neck and collar; yet another jet streaming between eyes and spectacles.

The fantasy lies in the brutal thoroughness of this narration. We have the curious sight, in these novels, of the social and emotional acerbity of English comedy, done in the sensitive rather than the slapstick manner. The labyrinth of Proust is connected up with the mock heroic that has run from Fielding to Wodehouse. The impulse is extravert, virile, masculine; the means—they are almost needlework. It is a laborious but an original and enrichening method. The Jazz Age, that high-fed, prosperous, hard-faced period of our recent past, has found what it needed so badly—a straight-faced, muscular historian who works the last drop of irony and alarm out of his documents like some relentless taskmaster, and who will yet remember each separate delicious finger of the loving girl he danced with or the smell of bath salts on old men.

V. S. PRITCHETT

RECUMBENT FORM

Draped, unshaped, the slagbanks lie—
A dross of smelting, dead and dry.

Nothing disclosed to heart or eye
Of not-yet-sculpted brow and chin,

Or living limbs that lie within
Hidden in superfluity.

The man of iron now is dead,
And seagull claws of rain will drag

A slow tarpaulin from the head,
Waking from sleep the man of slag.

He beneath unchimneyed skies
Will open grey ironic eyes,

And, stretching, feel within his soul
The metal that has made him whole.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

THE SCAPEGOAT

Now, all ritual performed in order,
I drive you from the fold with whip and goad;
through wildernesses where I cannot follow
you bear my shed intolerable load.

Groping after you, my purpose wanders
through dry defiles upon the world's roof;
on dimly-lit Saharas of unknowledge
I trace the double imprint of your hoof.

Goat calls to distant goat across the mountain,
the outcast taint is rank upon the air;
the herd forms; defiant horns turn outward,
possessive of the Calvary they share.

There, in the smell of sin, you will discover
that my shed load held more than guilt and pain,
and in those banished herds may mate another
with love that I cannot recall again.

GAVIN MAXWELL

BEATRICE WEBB'S DIARIES

Diaries, 1912-1924. By BEATRICE WEBB. Edited by MARGARET I. COLE with an introduction by LORD BEVERIDGE. *Longmans.* 24*s.*

Unlike Sidney, Beatrice Webb suffered from headaches, doubts, worries, insomnia and religious yearnings. The result was a Diary, mainly written in the watches of the night, recording not only events, achievements and disappointments, but also searchings of the soul and reflections about life, immortality, and the progress of mankind. The Diary stretches from the days when Miss Potter, one of nine daughters of a railway magnate, decided that Society, dances, and flirtations were an indefensible waste of time, part of that whole social system which kept the poor in their poverty while the rich made more money and maintained their privileges. In *My Apprenticeship*, which was based on her early diaries, she has told us how she set herself systematically to study both the rich and the poor, rejected some of the most eligible suitors in the country (including, rumour said, Balfour and Chamberlain), preferring a Civil Service clerk of no position who shared with her the desire to replace what they regarded as an irresponsible and inefficient plutocracy by a new, trained and disinterested and representative leadership. The story of their joint work she told in *Our Partnership*. It included the publication of many volumes of historical research, the creation of the Fabian Society, the accouchement of the Labour Party, the foundation of the London School of Economics, the inspiration of much of the social legislation of the first decade of this century and the campaign to end the Poor Law and create the Welfare State.

The new volume (1912-24) has not been "written up" by Mrs. Webb. Here is the Diary itself, competently trimmed and edited by Mrs. Cole and introduced by Lord Beveridge, a disciple who was put in charge of one of the Webbs' most vigorous children, the London School of Economics. It begins with a detailed account of the birth of another child which has also grown in ways they did not expect and to a size they did not anticipate. In 1912 Mrs. Webb put everything aside for a time so that the Fabians might have a serious organ of opinion. She worked hard to enlist some two thousand original subscribers for *The New Statesman* and her Diary records their satisfaction at the end of the first year when the renewals of subscriptions were sufficient to enable the paper to continue. Then came the war, taking the Webbs completely by surprise and at first overwhelming Beatrice by its horror and futility. Always practical, the Fabians appointed Leonard Woolf to study the institutions necessary for International Government and gave a free hand to such rising young "rebels" of the Left, G. D. H. Cole and Page Arnot, to prepare the way for Labour's post-war advance.

Mrs. Webb recalls the plight of the Labour Movement during the war. On the one extreme, a few like Clifford Allen, who is "fanatical, anti-war, pro-German advocate who distorts every fact to prove his country wrong"; in contrast Ensor was "complacently convinced" of the need of beating Germany, dismembering the German Empire, and carving independent States out of the ruins of Austria-Hungary. Then there were the Guild Socialists who "would be pro-war if they were not in rebellion against the Government on principle." As for "the ruck of the Trade Union officials," they were "just sane and common-place supporters of the British Government against its enemies. . . . Perhaps the most noted result is the consciousness of world failure on the part of the international Labour and Socialist Movement, a consciousness of a certain self-deception, all our fine talk, all our glowing shibboleths are proved to be mere surface froth . . . there is no Jingo mob . . . the I.L.P. is simply ignored—it has dropped about 10,000 of its working-class membership and added as many hundreds of middle-class adherents. The criminal classes are the only ones visibly to be improving character—they have given up crime and enlisted in large numbers. The women of all classes have emerged into public life—industrial, social and military."

As the war went on, and then as the coming of peace brought new opportunities to Labour, Mrs. Webb became increasingly critical of working-class leadership. She found Arthur Henderson "the only Labour man who considers the welfare of the Party as a whole," and she was deeply distressed by the petty jealousies and greedy ambitions of men like MacDonald, whom she described as "the Parnell of the Labour Party—but a Parnell who does not believe in his cause." Many of the Trade Unionists were too ignorant and narrow to lead a party: on the other hand, she found the miners themselves, when Sidney went up to Seaham, well read and intelligent. Why, she asks, did an honest man like Robert Smillie, who in the summer of 1920 so fiercely demanded the nationalisation of the coal mines, "crumble up so completely when confronted with the fact of a General Strike?" (This was 1920, not 1926). Her answer was that such men had no reasoned philosophy, but were guided only by "moral emotion." They could be swept from their course by an appeal to their kindness of heart, by sentimental arguments based on the suffering for which a firm stand on principle might for the moment be responsible. New hope begins, however, with the Sankey Commission on which Sidney Webb, Tawney and Cole played such distinguished parts. And this section of her Diary ends with the formation of the 1924 Government and Mrs. Webb, in astonishment, finding herself the wife of a Cabinet Minister.

This period of Mrs. Webb's Diaries is shot through and through with her belief that she and Sidney, now both turned 60, have reached the last period of their life; she constantly discusses the limitations of old age; and the appalling prospect of one Webb outliving the other Webb. She is deeply moved by the illness and death of close friends and relatives and constantly

CONSTABLE

Rumour and Reflection:

This discursive, intensely personal journal written during the war years comes nearer than anything he has yet published to imparting the peculiar flavour of Bernard Berenson's legendary conversational gifts. *30s.*

Poor Cousin Evelyn:

"A disconcertingly perspicacious and a highly accomplished young man . . . wise, observant, alarming young author." These are John Connell's observations on James Yaffe, whose short stories we are proud to present. *12s. 6d.*

Sherry and Port:

"Sherry introductory—Port valedictory." In this book devoted to the two great fortified wines, Mr. H. Warner Allen completes his notable wine trilogy. *15s.*

looks forward to a final mellow period in which she and Sidney may retire to enjoy their old age. She advertised for:

> A building site of an acre or more within radius of 50 (or 75) miles of London in any direction (South preferred); preferably with a habitable cottage which could be developed. It must be relatively high, with pretty view; and, above all, completely isolated from houses harbouring cocks or dogs.

Passfield Corner was the fruit of this advertisement, but the upshot was very different from Mrs. Webb's forecasts. Sidney had a second bout as Cabinet Minister, and the collapse of capitalist civilisation about which the Webbs wrote, definitively as they thought, in 1920, seemed to be approaching far more rapidly than they had expected in the world slump which both created and destroyed Labour's second minority Government and turned the Webbs to Communism.

Beatrice regarded Sidney's entry into active politics in 1924 as a "lark." But it was nothing to the "lark" of starting a new life as visitors to the Soviet Union and expositors of the new civilisation. Certainly in Mrs. Webb's Diary between 1917 and 1924 there is no hint of the coming Webbian faith in Soviet Communism. There is a description of the dramatic work of Krassin and Kamenev to the Fabian Summer School in 1920; there is an argument with Litvinov which ends with Mrs. Webb dubbing Communists, who believe in physical violence in England as elsewhere, as "poor fools." In short, Sidney Webb still believed unhesitatingly in British Labour, even when, in a moment of exasperation, he described its leaders as "a hopeless lot." He was always happy to go on from day to day doing a job which he could do better than anybody else without asking fundamental questions. It is because Mrs. Webb always asked those questions, even while she worked so strenuously and unremittingly with Sidney, that her Diary is unique in political literature.

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Han Suyin

author of

DESTINATION CHUNKING

The angels keep their ancient places:
Turn but a stone and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

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JONATHAN CAPE

"HOW UTTERLY DUVEEN!"

Duveen. By S. N. BEHRMAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lord Duveen of Millbank, the greatest international art-dealer in history, died at the age of sixty-nine, just in time to escape the outbreak of the last World War; his fabulous run of luck held good to the very end. For his services to this country—he presented additional room for pictures to the National Gallery and the Tate, financed the housing of the Elgin Marbles for the British Museum and contributed £200,000 to the British Red Cross—he was successively rewarded, first with a knighthood, then with a baronetcy, and finally with a peerage. For his services to the United States he was perhaps sufficiently recompensed by the £5,000,000 fortune he accumulated. The two services were in their way complementary. With his American money he was able to buy up the heirlooms of impoverished English families; and with his English title he found it easier to sell these exports in America. The fraction of the proceeds that recrossed the Atlantic to benefit our national galleries might legitimately be regarded as conscience money.

But the title, although it came in useful to impress benighted Californian *nouveaux riches*, was not enough in itself to coax out the dollars from hard-headed business men in return for a few square feet of painted canvas. For that purpose the really effective instrument was Duveen's own abounding vitality, coupled with an insidious method of approach and a shrewd appraisal of each particular millionaire he had to deal with. As for rivals in the field in the shape of other art dealers, they were trounced with every weapon at his disposal. He appropriated their best customers by guile, he sent emissaries to distant country houses to forestall their purchases, and in the last resort he would challenge the authenticity of their wares. No old master was allowed to be genuine unless guaranteed by Duveen.

Apart from the disadvantage that he had no personal acquaintance with his subject, Mr. Behrman's method of biography is the same as that of Boswell with the even more pungent personality of Dr. Johnson. There is no need to expound such self-revealing characters; they may be said to be writing their own lives as they go. Their passage through life can be faithfully traced by the volley of anecdotes perpetually discharged from them by some law of individual dynamics. Mr. Behrman had only to collect, and arrange under appropriate headings, all the Duveen stories in circulation throughout the globe: and there is Duveen in person before us, reckless, unscrupulous, overbearing; yet beaming all over, "life-enhancing" as Berenson reluctantly called him, and unmistakably the best of company. And to visualise the cocksure fellow, we have Steinberg's portrait on the frontispiece: Duveen mesmerising some imaginary millionaire.

Steinberg suggests *The New Yorker*, for which *Duveen* was originally writen as a serial in six instalments. But without any reminder it would be hard not to recognise the terse, wide-awake, ironical style—adaptable to a high level of literature, yet echoing discreetly the cruder rhythms of journalism—which contributors to that famous magazine all seem to share in common. It is rather a pity that Mr. Behrman, when transposing his six articles into book form, did not take the chance to cut out the overlappings and repetitions entailed in serial production. But this lack of final polish is only a slight blemish on what is bound to be one of the most popular light biographies for many a long year.

Duveen's infallible technique for hooking millionaires is subtly analysed by Mr. Behrman. The process bore an absurdly close resemblance to fishing for elderly trout. (The millionaires, indeed, were so elderly that one of Duveen's main worries was how to land them hurriedly before they died.) First, the sidelong, casual approach: Duveen was not above paying a deck steward on an Atlantic liner 100 dollars for placing his chair unostentatiously alongside that of a suitable victim. Then, the important choice of fly. The customers almost all liked brightly coloured objects. Huntington of California, for instance, was taken with Gainsborough's Blue Boy. (When he had bought it, he complained that it was not blue enough; in fact the boy was green: but Duveen and his picture cleaners soon put that to rights.) Ringling, the Circus King, was an exception; he was uninterested in colour and only liked size: in consequence he found himself in possession of the finest collection of Rubens in the States. But Duveen's supreme art lay in his judicious casting of the fly. Instead of ostentatiously dangling it in front of the client's suspicious old nose, he would constantly tantalise him by withdrawing the desirable object just as he was considering a bite. He would say he had promised it somewhere else, or that it was his favourite possession from which he could not bear to part or even that the client was not worthy of such a sumptuous meal. Mrs. Hearst described the delicate twitchings of reluctance: "Duveen didn't want to sell his stuff, but they always badgered the poor fellow till he gave in." Even after the big fish had risen, the hook might not be firmly enough embedded to bring such huge lumps of dollars safely to the gaff at the bank. For this, Duveen studied the anatomy of his fish: he gave his richest customers time to digest the fly until it was fully absorbed into their systems before pulling in the line. His old masters used to hang half-sold on their walls for years, before the old millionaires could bear to part with their money. Rockefeller once paid up on the very day the picture was due to be taken away. In fact, Duveen landed his last fish two years after he was dead, when his last millionaire bought the last lot out on approval.

I have no space for Duveen's prodigious lawsuits or for the fascinating account of his uneasy relation with Bernhard Berenson; and I have deliberately avoided spoiling anyone's future pleasure by picking out the richest anecdotal plums of the Duveen legend. But one story will serve to show what sort of man bought his pictures. In 1910 a millionaire bought a Velazquez from him for 400,000 dollars, but felt a sense of being swindled in parting with such a large sum for a painting, which the artist had originally sold to Philip IV of Spain for a mere 600. After calculating the compound interest at 6 per cent. half yearly on 600 dollars from 1645 to 1910, however, he was reassured by finding he had got a bargain after all.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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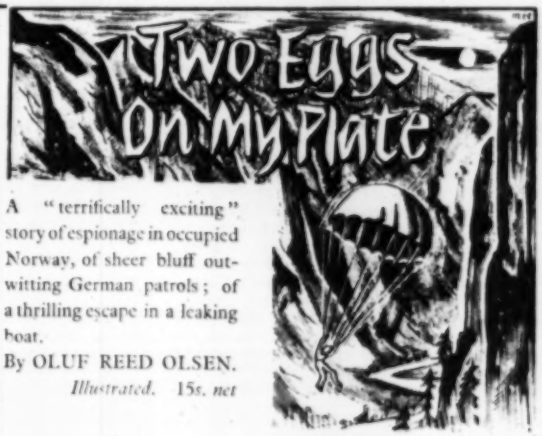

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versionist, still conscious of the world's evil, yet believes that the world can be redeemed by the positive faith and works of Christians aided by grace. F. D. Maurice is taken as an example of this view, and it is good to see a man, now much forgotten, whose life was such a moving example of sincerity and faith, honoured among the great Christians.

The synthesists, among whom St. Thomas is the towering figure, take a yet more positive view of the world, seeing in human institutions a reflection of God's ordinances for the government of his creation, yet not forgetting that human life can only be raised to its proper height in personal devotion to higher values than culture can embody. Here is in some ways a comfortable view, of which traces are seen in a book such as Lindsay's *The Two Moralities*, and to some degree in Socialist ideals: towards the world, good government (with its compromises), juvenile courts and health clinics: towards God, an uncompromising demand for saintliness. The fifth position, that of the "cultural Christian," is the extreme of accepting the highest (selected) elements of culture as an interpretation of the highest (selected) elements of the New Testament (and of world religions), where all that is merely local or historically dated in it has been cut away. Such men will synthesise Jung's psychology or nuclear physics with a Christian metaphysic, and thus endeavour to reconcile the highest secular thinkers of their time with the Christian tradition. This is an attitude which can move either into various types of gnosticism for the natural mystic, or, say, into Communism for those who like to see values embodied in cultural life.

Dr. Niebuhr avoids the usual pitfalls of this type of argument. He does not squeeze historical individuals into the tight confines of his "types," as one suspects Professor Toynbee squeezed some civilisations into his "challenge and response" theory. Yet the abstraction of motifs of thought from history has disadvantages. For one thing, the experience of Christendom over nineteen centuries should surely have contributed more to the argument—we know now, as St. Paul did not, what happens to monasteries. Again, the scientific revolution from which historians date "modern times" represents so profound a change in philosophic approach to the world that it is uncomfortable to handle any motif of thought which runs past it apparently unaffected. Here the work of, say, Professor Butterfield gives a greater impression of realism by a lower degree of abstraction. There are plenty of signs that Dr. Niebuhr is aware of this historial correction.

There are signs, too, of his awareness of another tempting approach—the psychology of types. We may well each be born "either a little conversionist or else a little radical," and, moreover, the pressures of history will help to emphasise one type or another—in times of "troubles," like the present, a conviction of the radical sin of civilisation may well spread more widely than in the hey-day of nineteenth-century liberalism and "progress." Such a relativist approach is indeed highly unprofitable in one sense; for any honest man, being told the influence which his own psychology and the circumstances of his times is having on him, will at once seek to make the necessary correction in his search, not for a relative truth which reduces him to a puppet of genes and history, but for the Truth which he feels entitled to seek. But in another sense it is as valuable as the concept of diathesis to a doctor—he must recognise the pressure to make the right correction. Is 1952 in Western Europe a time for the creation of monasteries, of bands of devoted individuals who will re-state the discipleship of Christ in its purity? Or is it a time for the "cultural Christian," a time to bridge the vast chasm between scientific thought and the Hymn Book?

The form of Dr. Niebuhr's argument—five intellectual positions stated and criticised (with a wholly admirable impartiality and charity)—perhaps disguises the truth that it is not a question of choosing a form of argument but of the expression of an inner spiritual experience in dealings with mankind. It is for this reason that the highest religious and poetic expression results in paradox—"to care and not to care." Consistency is not of argument but of being: and the author hints at this in what is almost his own confession in his last chapter where he draws on the existentialist concept of the constantly renewed necessity and freedom to choose, but to choose in complete Christian faith.

This is in some ways a difficult book to read. Since the argument is not progressive but in five separate sections, one is constantly meeting different formulations of essentially the same point, and is thereby tempted to hop backwards and forwards in an effort to bring them together. Moreover, there is no subject so buried under mountains of words—distinctions between Christ-in-God and God-in-Christ—as theology, and Dr. Niebuhr does not escape the heavy criticism of adding even one unnecessary phrase. But for the dispassionate and deeply learned presentation of an issue which should set the mind racing, it is a book to which thinking people will often return.

GUY HUNTER

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The Island of Desire. By EDITH TEMPLETON. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

How should the novelist write about war? Perhaps it is largely a question of taking up a position. Like Stendhal, one can, while in a fuddled daze, watch the plumed escort gallop across the Waterloo skyline or Tolstoi-fashion, lean out to view the battlefield from the Angel of Death's helicopter as it circles whirringly above Austerlitz. These are the classic vantage-points; they call for the greatest talents. The first demands an intensity of personal vision of which few writers are capable. The second requires the dual eye of a great commander and of a master of compassion.

Small wonder that most novelists plump for the easier method of "identification." Believing, like the character in *Jurgen*, that "man cannot bear too much reality," they merge themselves into their battery, platoon, headquarters, squadron or mess-deck, and modestly give us anybody's war save their own. It becomes their friend's war, their enemy's war, the war fought by someone a shade brasher or cockier (or more sensitive, or reflective or unusual) than themselves. They have got it all there, down to the guardsman's sixth cup of tea or the last burst of flak over Hamburg. Only Stendhal's little deadly question of "perfect sincerity" has been left unanswered.

Mr. Clapham believes in "identification," but with a difference. Despite the breezy "cash-in" blurb that insists that his book is "a story, *the* story, in perspective and in human terms, of R.A.F. Bomber Command," *Night Be My Witness* while partly good straight documentary, is also an eloquent and unusual description of "the tumult in the clouds." Although he is no Saint-Exupéry, Mr. Clapham writes excitingly when he is airborne, and vividly at all times. His book is uneven and patchily constructed; it zig-zags about emotionally as though its author were taking evasive action. Yet it conveys, as few contemporary novels have done, a whole slice of wartime experience. It is more than a matter of just setting down the pubs, the songs and the slang; Mr. Clapham captures the very mood and pace of the early 1940's. I shall not soon forget his two contrasted pilots, Howard and Hardwick, nor "the Heinkels passing, fragile as angel fish."

Soldiers and airmen move in separate worlds; even when they are writers the difference in psychology remains. Three thousand feet up, Mr. Clapham sloughs off the Englishman's carefully nonchalant attitude to heroism. He writes of brave deeds naturally, without the forced grin and the calculated embarrassment. For once, thank Heaven, we do not have to contend with good taste. Conversely, he takes Peace harder, voicing the hate and frustration of all men who have lived dangerously and lost their friends. The writing becomes arrogant, self-pitying, part fustian, part a fierce and moving elegiac:

> You sent us to high, windy places, unknowingly offering us the world without frontier, the world beyond your comprehension. With eyes made bright by danger, with an awareness springing from death ever at the elbow, we brushed the fringes of the mystery, in high places, and saw the earth dwindling to a star. This is another reason why we are not wholly with you.

Some novels are entertainments, some are eloquence, some are naked poses, and some are true enlargements of human experience. Mr. Clapham's book is all four. He has left at least one reader much in debt.

The main drawback to *The Dark Island*, an otherwise vivid, well-written account of Celtic tribesmen in the First Century, A.D., is that, for all Mr. Treece's runes and incantations, the spell fails to work. Or rather, it works only fitfully and in patches. There are plenty of good touches and exciting moments—the description of Camolodunum, the dark Silurian magic, the horror of the Great Stones—but the total effect is disappointing. Outside the horse-play and the Welsh wizards, the mead-quaffing and the spear-boasting, there is little that holds the book together. This is largely the fault of Mr. Treece's hero. Gwyndoc, the Belgic lord, with his tribal loyalties and fuddled well-meaning indecisions, is, when all is said, a bit of a duffer. Mr. Treece has made the mistake common to so many historical novelists, of believing that by merely grafting archiac sentiments on to a character, you endow him with the psychology of his period. In fact, a character in a historical novel, far from being just *fitted* to meet the requirements of some period blueprint, has to be conceived *historically* from the inside. It is this feat of identification that gives the realistic note to Miss Prescott's recent novel or to Miss Naomi Mitchison's *The Con-*

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Good Handwriting and How to Acquire It. By JOHN C. TARR. *Phoenix House*. 5*s*.

The movement for the reform of our abominable modern English handwriting gathers momentum, and has now produced an elegant book which should be an inspiration to all who look on their own scrawl with disgust. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, among other things of a distinguished kind, is art master at Eton, and responsible in the past few years for making Eton our best nursery of beautiful calligraphy. Under his guidance Eton, Harrow and Winchester now compete annually in handwriting, the winners receiving prizes and a stupendous tea at the hands of Sir Sydney Cockerell, the venerable father of the movement. Mr. Alfred Fairbank's unsurpassed *Handwriting Manual* blazed the trail twenty years ago. Last year we had Mr. Aubrey West's *Written by Hand*, which attracted considerable attention and was good as far as it went; and now we have Mr. Blunt's *Sweet Roman Hand* and Mr. John Tarr's modest booklet *Good Handwriting and How to Acquire It*. Other volumes by other authors are said to be in preparation, so there will soon be a nice little calligraphy section in every well-furnished library.

Mr. Blunt's book is more copiously illustrated than anything that has appeared before. This alone would make it attractive, but it has other virtues as well, one of them being a high standard of production. His historical survey of European handwriting is not only admirably succinct, but easy and entertaining to read, and he avoids giving the impression (of which other enthusiasts are sometimes guilty) that calligraphy is a precious art practised by leisurely and scholarly people who use nothing but quill pens. Undoubtedly there is that element in the revival, and rightly so; we must have beautiful models if we are ever to do anything with our own unsightly hands. There must be people prepared to experiment, to discover in what direction, and how far, reform can go. Mr. Blunt himself is this sort of pioneer, but he also believes in good handwriting as a part of good manners; an elegance almost as necessary as clean linen to the well-bred, and if the next generation writes a great deal more legibly and beautifully than we do, it will be largely due to his excellent pioneering.

The value of his book's great generosity in illustration is that it offers us a fine variety of models from different periods, proves that a seventeenth-century and a modern hand, when both are good, are not easily distinguished, and allows us to reach our own conclusions about the styles we prefer. (The old-fashioned English round-hand, or copperplate, for instance, which it is now fashionable to despise, is shown in Mr. Blunt's illustration as being capable of extreme beauty; even when debased into the commercial hand of the professional clerk it is at least legible and orderly, if less decorative than the Italic cursive script to which the revivalists so resolutely direct us.) It is fascinating to compare Oliver Cromwell's handwriting with Johnson's; to contrast Queen Elizabeth's exquisite script when she was Ascham's pupil with the dashing scrawl she affected in old age; to observe how assured, mature and effortless a hand can be developed at an early age, where there is good teaching. Two of his most attractive examples are by boys of sixteen and seventeen.

Mr. Tarr's little handbook is modest and cheap, and I have heard it slightingly spoken of by the *cognoscenti*. Nevertheless, it has an excellence of its own, and if I wished to interest some newcomer to the subject, who might be alarmed by the suggestion of anything at all scholarly or difficult, I would introduce him to this book rather than to Mr. Blunt's. (*Sweet Roman Hand* would come later, and be more valuable, but *Good Handwriting* is easier bait.) It is written with the same sort of practical approach as a novice's cookery book. The faults of different kinds of bad handwriting are briskly analysed (as it might be a lumpy sauce or a fallen cake) and we are told how to avoid these pitfalls. The pioneers of good handwriting are given full credit, the different pens and inks surveyed, and the technique of self-improvement set out in a businesslike manner. Mr. Tarr, moreover, is not too grand to recognise that one of the beginner's first interests will be his own reformed signature; he provides a range of dashing capitals for the indulgence of this harmless vanity.

MARGARET LANE

THE CAMERA NEVER TAKES FOR GRANTED

Those Impossible English. By QUENTIN BELL and HELMUT GERNSHEIM. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 21*s*.

Photography has made altogether different, for those coming after, the last hundred years. Not that it "can't lie": Gladstone, wasn't it, asserted as much, and was confronted with a snapshot of himself coming away from a saloon bar, wiping his mouth on his sleeve. In general, however, not too much deflected by temperament, it sees straight and tells the truth—so far as it can. Especially, it tells a story. Messrs. Bell and Gernsheim's photograph gallery of 1851-1951 is packed with stories that would never have come home to us but for the camera.

There is, for example, "Margate Beach, *c.* 1858." How very few people, and the few, how gloved, morning-coated, high-hatted, crinolined, wide-awaked, and grim with the temerity of their enjoyment! Far off are cliffs; under these a rank of bathing-boxes, the covered waggons of the seaside; and the Sea—how little there is of *that*, and what there is, quiet, dark, alien as the people. Are we then out of season? No, out of doors only. Very probably it's Sunday. And perhaps—who knows?—over this dolorous shore has wafted some intimation of the Great Widowhood, due to begin in three years' time.

Another story also concerns a shore: this time the Serpentine, about 1925. Seven naked little

Company Meeting

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

YEAR OF OUTSTANDING PROGRESS

Mr. J. ROGERS ON CURRENT TRADING CONDITIONS

The 25th annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., was held on June 19 at Wigmore Hall, 36, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

Mr. J. Rogers, O.B.E., LL.D., the chairman, presided and in the course of his speech said:—

As the report shows, the company has again broken records, both in turnover and in profits. It is true that some part of the increase in turnover is due to rising prices, but the physical volume of turnover has also increased to record levels.

It is the considered opinion of the directors that, after full provision has been made for the proper maintenance of the productive assets of the company, stockholders should be given, by way of increased dividends, some part of the increased profits due to the progressive expansion of the company. The total Ordinary dividend for 1951, 13 per cent, before taxation, is still smaller in purchasing power than the dividend of 8 per cent paid for a number of years before and during the war.

RECORD OF PROGRESS

The company's record for 1951 is one of outstanding progress. That progress continues, and the directors have before them no shortage of important and profitable schemes of expansion and development in which the company's resources can be employed. Many of these schemes arise from years of patient and well-directed research. The programme of capital extensions for the next two or three years, however, will have to be held back, in part, at any rate, because of the shortage of essential equipment and building resources for which, quite properly, priority is being given to rearmament.

Exports are as important, or almost as important, as rearmament. The company's direct exports are now running at well over a million pounds a week. In addition to the company's direct exports, it has to be remembered that a substantial proportion of our products goes to other industries which are producing for export. For this reason it is in the interests of the country, as well as of the company, that our capital programme should be pressed forward with no more delay than is absolutely necessary during the present crisis conditions. Another reason for pressing on with this programme is that we must keep ahead of foreign competition.

So far as our future trading prospects are concerned, I should be unwise if I attempted any prophecy to-day. 1952 has brought new problems to some industries which a year or two ago were having difficulty in finding enough materials and labour to cope with an excessive demand, but which to-day are unable to find adequate markets either at home or overseas for their output. The setback in the textile industries, for example, is not a problem peculiar to this country, but is worldwide, and this setback inevitably affects the demand for dyestuffs. For other industries there has been similar change from anxiety about raw materials to anxiety about markets. Nevertheless it is difficult to interpret these signs as foreshadowing a general depression. So far in 1952 we have not been seriously affected by these conditions and our turnover has been satisfactory, notwithstanding the resurgence of German and Japanese competition. The directors remain, however, keenly alive to the need to watch changes in trading conditions, both at home and overseas, and to adapt ourselves quickly to these conditions.

E.P.L.—A HARMFUL TAX

I am confident that we shall continue to expand our business in spite of the obstacles to expansion placed in our way, and in the way of other progressive companies, in the form of penal taxation, which seems almost to have been designed to encourage stagnation and to prevent progress. I refer, in particular, to the new excess profits levy. Whatever the yield of this tax and whatever its purpose in terms of party politics, this tax, even in its modified form, will do much more harm than good to the country, and it is bound to hit hardest those progressive companies whose activities are most likely to assist the country to get out of its present economic troubles, particularly those engaged in the export trade.

The report and accounts were adopted.

The proposed alteration to the articles of association was approved and the proposal to increase the company's capital from £95,000,000 to £120,000,000 by the creation of £25,000,000 unclassified shares of £1 each was sanctioned.

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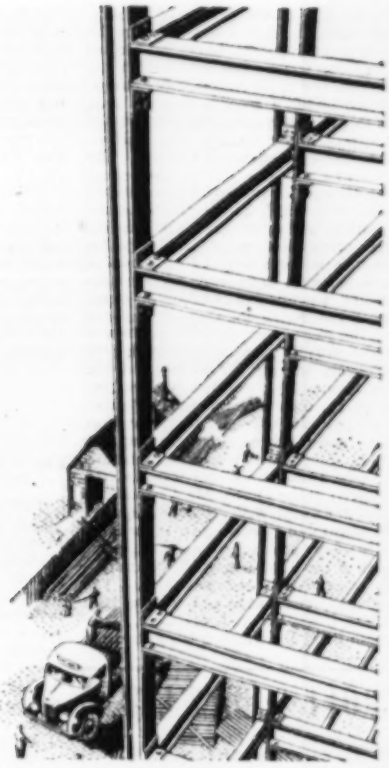

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BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

boys flee away before the onrush of a long-skirted policewoman holding a thin long cane on high. The voice of Lansbury hasn't yet blessed and populated the scene. But I wonder about this story. The law looks businesslike, but on the face of one urchin I seem to detect a grin, and none of them displays quite that precipitation one might expect in the circumstances. However, we are too entertained to bother. The photograph below this one on the same page records King George V squatting face to face, or knee to chin, with a little girl in the miniature train at Wembley; and as the book lies open the opposite page reveals, on top, a hands-in-pocket unemployed man walking away into the mist of a Battersea or Islington street while his dog looks back, and below, a gentleman climbing up a pair of steps into a van during the General Strike of 1926. Turn the pages over, and new quartets of pictures, most artfully chosen and varying in mood, will engage the eye. Two hundred and one of these photographs, mostly snapshots, but with some poses, especially among the earlier ones, take us past the Crystal Palace, the Boer War, poverty and Dickens, the crinoline, the penny-farthing, the blush of bloomers, Mafeking, the first air post from London to Windsor, the suffragette martyr at the Derby, Mr. Churchill in Sydney Street, the Great War, Pavlova, Valentino, and so to incidents and aspects nearer in memory. Mr. Sidney Stanley's cocktail party and the queue for Van Gogh at the Tate distinguish variously—in case we may have forgotten—1948. The whole book does, vivaciously and with a light poignancy, hint if not tell its larger story.

Mr. Quentin Bell's Introduction is a great help. The Victorians come away from his scrutiny a good deal clearer than they went in: their extravagances and passions, their nightmares and their advancements, the tortures of godliness, the poetry of possessions are coolly appraised. Mr. Bell neither detests nor too much fancies our great-grandparents. In his social evaluation he has been much assisted by Thorstein Veblen's *The Theory of the Leisure Class:* a book, by the way, that is still far less generally known than it deserves to be. The devotion to Conspicuous Leisure is followed out into our own day: witness the television masts on labourers' cottages and the half-timbered cocktail bar introduced into our trains by British Railways. This is, within its scope, as acute an examination of recent social history as I have met anywhere, and genial into the bargain. But must we remain for ever "those impossible English"? As long as it suits us, I suppose. Impossibility is our legend.

G. W. STONIER

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SHORTER REVIEWS

Key to Modern Poetry. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Peter Nevill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is not, as Mr. Durrell admits in his foreword, a book he would have written for choice, but a set of lectures which his duties with the British Council in Argentina compelled him to put together. The lectures must have been extremely interesting to listen to, but the ground covered is familiar, and in a scampering extensive survey the examination of particular poems is often not very close. The vivacious and ingenious presentation of the material, nevertheless merits high praise. One of Mr. Durrell's cleverest devices is an attempt to script part of *The Waste Land* as a radio drama for a commentator and several voices. To the more hushed and solemn admirers of Mr. Eliot this may seem intolerably flippant, but to Mr. Durrell's particular audience it probably conveyed, better than pages of generalisation would have, the basic technique of the poem. In some general introductory chapters on the climate of the age, Mr. Durrell pays much attention to Freud and Einstein, and looks, like many amateur philosophers to-day, for a new synthesis between reason and intuition, which he thinks will be found in "religious materialism." Such syntheses, however, are not to be found for the asking, nor does the nature of things really change from century to century to meet our changing needs.

If there is a touch of the too confident amateur in Mr. Durrell's philosophising, however, his remarks on particular poets show a professional tact and balance. He has a sharp eye for unfashionable merit, like that of Edward Thomas, and has even a persuasive if not finally quite convincing defence of Kipling's *If*. On the whole, perhaps, he shows himself here not so much a critic by vocation as an imaginative writer doing his best off his main beat.

The Art of Television. By JAN BUSSELL. *Faber.* 18*s.*

Television, in this book, is variously described as "a gamble," "a great adventure," "a 'cosy' medium," a medium which—*apropos* of legs—"reveals the mediocre all too cruelly," as *the* medium "which reveals the souls of men better than any other," which catches incomparably "the vital creativeness of the moment," and which, given time, "can develop into a great art as moving and exciting as the theatre." Mr. Bussell, in other words, writes as an enthusiast. Beginning his experience in Baird's studios in Long Acre before the B.B.C. took up television and then becoming a B.B.C. producer, he has produced plays, variety, Picture Page and his own puppets. This wide technical experience, combined with his enthusiasm, has led to strong views, almost, indeed, to an "æsthetic." The essence of television is actuality. What a confession of weakness, therefore, to resort to film in the middle of a play! The quality of the picture changes, the photographic replaces the live, the viewers perceiving a change of medium cease to suspend disbelief.

Who is good on television? In drama, as far as one can generalise, theatre-workers—alert always to shape and to the occurrence of the unexpected disaster during performance—are better material than cinema people, who in their piecemeal way are used to scrapping or cutting mishap. In talks, demonstrations, interviews and discussions, it is the man who *is* sure of himself rather than his subject who comes through, whether he be a newspaper proprietor, an historian or an expert on gates.

Mr. Bussell goes over the production of a show from the first reading of the script to the first performance. He deals with every aspect of the Home Screen, including writing for it (printing a television play of his own), and ends on a prophetic glimpse: colour television (quite a different thing from colour film) will revolutionise our sense of colour values. Though throughout the book he speaks most of the time as an insider talking to potential insiders, he is always comprehensible.

Shakespeare's Motley. By LESLIE HOTSON. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

Dr. Hotson's is this time a minor discovery: that the "motley" of Shakespeare's Fools was not the brightly coloured patch-work, with hood and long hose, familiar from medieval illustration and customary in modern productions of the plays, but the coarse ankle-length coat, parti-coloured only as is a homespun or tweed, in which it was customary in Elizabethan times to dress both small boys and "naturals". Feste's is not a gaudy and bizarre turn-out; it is an unobtrusive vesture of humility. Lear's Fool was far from cutting an outlandish figure, or suggesting an atmosphere of romance or long-ago. He belonged to the contemporary scene. Sir Philip Sidney, who reprobated the playwrights' habit of "mingling Kings and Clownes", would have been obliged to acknowledge as a step towards realism Shakespeare's substitution of an "allowed" Fool, orthodoxly attired, for the low or rustic comedian hitherto traditional in the theatres.

Nor was it necessary to go to court to meet this—to us—strange figure in real life. Many large households kept a half-wit for the sake of the amusement he afforded, and a "begged" Fool—one granted as a ward by the Crown—was sometimes a person of property, paying his way with more than his grotesque behaviour. In surveying this and much contiguous ground with his customary acumen and enthusiasm, Dr. Hotson has contrived both to illuminate an important aspect of Shakespeare's dramatic art and to write a fascinating page of social history.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,166

Set by R. K. Buchanan

It has been stated in the House of Commons that the sex of a pelican can be determined by swinging a cork on a thread in front of it—for a male the cork swings in a line, for a female, it goes round in circles. Competitors are invited to describe physical experiments suitable for determining the truthfulness of a politician, the quality of a book, the popular appeal of an actor, the fidelity of a spouse, the difference between butter and margarine. Limit 150 words. Entries by July 8.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,163

Set by Thomas Tusher

For the first time for many years, the All-England cricket team is to be captained by a professional. The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word extract from a social comment by Shaw, Arnold, Carlyle, Chesterton, G. M. Trevelyan, Geoffrey Gorer or Margaret Mead.

Report by Thomas Tusher

The determined parodists exceeded the "flannelled fools" by about five to one. Shavians abounded, though no one succeeded in furnishing the perfect Shavian comment. Instead, competitors sedulously worked-in references to Shakespeare, the Life-Force, snobbery, hired mercenaries—everything, in fact,

but cricket itself. Only H. Y. Light with his "Some years ago a Mr. Larwood, by playing cricket in a workmanlike manner, shook the Empire to its foundations," seemed to remember what the comment was about. The Chestertonians tended to run to rumbustious ballad verse and there was a lot of heavy word-play on "Grace." There were also several good paradoxes. I liked Martin Jordan's "That men should play their games for them is not laziness; it is the most devilish kind of energy—the kind that stops at nothing . . . Like Matho he (Mr. Hutton) may blaze a path to victory. But even victory, with all its panoply, can unsanctify free man. There is such a thing as a blazing shame." Elaine Morgan attempted a clever variation on the "If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly" theme, and J. R. Till soliloquised neatly about the mind beneath the cricket cap; neither entry, however, quite came off.

Prize-money divided equally among the following.

MARGARET MEAD

With the appointment of a professional as "captain" (the priest-king of primitive cultures) the pretence that cricket is a game is swept away, and its status is implicitly acknowledged as a sex rite designed to console men for the natural phenomenon that reproductive processes can only be carried out by the female. The Male is symbolised by the batter (called "batsman" to emphasise this). Against him the bowlers (never "bowlsmen"!) passionately long to bowl, but once chosen to do so by the captain, coyly try to get the batter "out" while remaining a "maiden": if a bowler stays a maiden for a long while, the congregation applaud him and mock the batter. A score is usually made, however, *and this is credited to the batter*. The reader will discern the significance of comments of sports-writers in welcoming Mr. Hutton's appointment, that "it is better to have a batsman as captain than a bowler."

COLIN DENNISS

CARLYLE

Has the Posterity of Adam in the general hubbub of pretentious nothingness ever indulged in vainer screechings or more ludicrous scrannel pipings than on this question?

Seek out, my brothers, in this as in all things your greatest man, your Hero, be he king, warrior, cricketer or dustman, and let him lead you wheresoever he will in this black whirlpool of a world. Choose the best, and not the second best, lest you be melted to steamy oblivion and Chaos. Men say that of cricketing beings one named Hutton is the indisputablest Hero. Up, then, and follow him.

Let babbling tongues wag no more on this matter; if they needs must wag, let us leave the multitudinous long-eared to their braying. Our greatest, as cricketer, was discoverable—has been discovered. Silence then, and do his bidding. E. W. FORDHAM

G. M. TREVELYAN

But the century that separates bull-baiting from television had been marked by national qualities that found their most typical expression in cricket, a game played before the loss of the First British Empire, but especially linked with the rise and fall of the Second. Controlled from Lord's but nourished by strong roots in a thousand village clubs, test cricket had since 1876 combined professional skill with amateur leadership. The need to reverse this partnership in 1952 has been attributed to the taxing out of existence of the leisured class. In fact most Victorian cricketers had less spare time than their grandchildren but they had a fundamentally healthier idea of how to use it. For the truth is that leisure was proving to be, like money, subject to Gresham's Law; and that, divorced from the gold standard of personal responsibility, its value dropped as the amount in general circulation increased. J. P. STEVENSON

GEOFFREY GORER

There are grounds for associating play activities with primitive emotions too painful to acknowledge in the field of the individual ego. The case in question, extending the guilt of a social class into that of a whole society, symbolises the anxiety felt by a people which, having outgrown its dependence on the professional nurse, wishes desperately to atone for this dethronement. Thus a new pattern emerges, beginning with a mass act of abasement before a Nanny figure.

The cricketers' white flannels are now seen to echo not only the instinctive drives of the individual in infancy and the white apron of the nurse but, at a deeper level, the cleansing powers dear to racial myth. Only the professional captain (i.e. nurse) may change the bowling (i.e. napkins). It is significant that at Lord's this ritual should be performed usually at the Nursery end.

J. R. TILL

G. K. CHESTERTON

The Song of Googly

They didn't have no proses
To lead All-England teams
And keep them on their toeses,

In days of wealth and roses
Now more remote than Moses
They'd Gentlemen, it seems.

Yet Googly's grief it leavens
To know our modern plan
Will not put our elevens
At sixes and at sevens
But prove to Earth and Heavens
Equality of Man. NANCY GUNTER

CHESS: Good Advice from Down Under

No. 143

For readers who happen to be correspondence players I have some sound and practical advice from H. Falconer, of New South Wales. He sent me this

position which caused a dispute in the Correspondence Chess League of Australia. White's last move was R-QR7, and he had added these "conditionals": . . . "if (1) . . . R-B3, (2) K-B2. If (1) . . . any other

move (2) R x RP." White got quite a shock when the score was returned reading: (1) . . . R-R1, (2) R x RP, R x R. The League very properly ruled that any conditional move must be upheld as binding, and the moral, in Falconer's own words, is: "Beware of conditionals!" I think he has well deserved one of our book-tokens, even though his entry is not strictly a "Readers' Own" contribution, such as the next position sent by M. Kaye, one of our most consistently successful ladder-competitors. He was inspired by the fact that in the last "Readers' Own" article one of the prizes went to a schoolboy; so he dug out one of his own boyish triumphs from a file dated well within the last century. Playing White and undaunted by the agglomeration of heavy guns on his very doorstep young Kaye played Q x P ch and achieved perpetual check. Obviously, had the Black K ventured to his Kt3 he would have been caught in a mating net. I am glad that this pretty feat will now earn some material reward too, even though more than sixty years *post festum*. Another well-deserved prize (not quite so belated, I hope), goes to H. Lobbenberg, who, playing Black in my third diagram, also succeeded in saving what looked like a hopeless position. White

Company Meeting

TELEPHONE RENTALS LIMITED

INEXPLICABLE ATTITUDE OF CAPITAL ISSUES COMMITTEE

THE 23rd annual general meeting of Telephone Rentals Limited was held on Monday, June 23rd, in London.

Mr. Fred. T. Jackson, O.B.E., Comp.I.E.E. (chairman and joint managing director), who presided, said:

As you will have read my address circulated with the Accounts, in which I stated that the Capital Issues Committee had refused our applications for obtaining additional capital, no doubt you will expect me to make some further comment on the position in which your Company finds itself.

The position has not changed: and I consider the attitude of the Capital Issues Committee is quite inexplicable. Your Company has been a successful one over the whole period of its existence, and it has shown increasing profits every year, which proves that the Services we render to Industry are of great value.

The Capital Issues Committee consists of five or six of the leading City men in the realms of Finance and Industry, and the only conclusion I can come to is that we have failed to put over to this Committee the importance of the Services we render to the Commercial and Industrial concerns in this country.

It is not a Service that is easy to put over in words, but only by practical demonstration. And I feel that this is demonstrated by the fact that among our subscribers we embrace a large number of leading concerns in this country, and also Public Utilities and Public Services.

There was never a period in the country's history when it was more essential to introduce something which would increase productive efficiency, save time and improve costing methods.

A very interesting leading article appeared in *The Times* of Friday, June 13th, under the heading of "A Long Task," and the last paragraph of this leader sets out in a few words what we claim to do: "It is an unromantic battle, to be fought in terms of a few less minutes wasted in the day and an addition of a few units to the day's output, just as the consumer has to fight it by paying a few shillings more for his rations. It is only thus that it will be won."

All I can say at present is that we are not prepared to accept the negative attitude of the Capital Issues Committee, and we shall keep on keeping on until they are converted.

We are working strictly within the statement I made in my address issued with the Accounts, and are limiting our Services to firms engaged on Defence Work, Export and Public Authorities, and, of course, carrying out our contractual obligations.

At the moment, I am not able to say more than this. But you will be advised in the Press of any change for the better in the situation.

The report was adopted.

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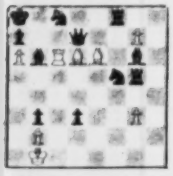
obviously gave the R check at KKt7 and, after Kt x R, continued R-KKt1. Lobbenberg played (2) . . . P-Q5, and the sequel was (3) Q x P, Q-R4 ch, (4) K-K3, Q-K8 ch! The subsequent Kt-fork regained the Q, and the game ended in a draw.

" Finally, I have an interesting position submitted by H. F. Moxon who (as White) played P-Kt4. What happened was (1) . . . B-QKt8, (2) Kt x RP; Kt-Kt3, (3) R x P ch, K x R, (4) Kt x R, K-B2, (5) Kt-Q6 ch, K-K2, (6) Kt-K4 and won. Had Black played B x Kt on the 2 move the sequel would have been (3) Kt x P, B-B4, (4) R x P ch, K-R1, (5) P x P, etc. While the standing invitation for " Readers' Own " applies to interesting endgames or " brilliancies " achieved by (or against) them, I also welcome their efforts in the composition of studies or problems. It seems only fitting that this week two such attempts should be accommodated. (They will be rewarded by the usual chessbook-token.)

A: A. C. Douglas 1952



B: Basil Lorcos 1952

C: P. Heuäcker 1952

To our experienced problem-addicts **A**—a 3-mover—may seem simple enough to be vastly overrated with 4 ladder-points. Still, it is a neat little piece with a clear-cut, if primitive idea. **B**—White to win—comes from one of our readers in the B.A.O.R. (needless to say, in the Intelligence H.Q.). It is quite an instructive little endgame study, though simple enough to be slightly overrated with 5 points. But as for **C**—White to win—I do not feel at all generous in rating it 8 points, even with the helping hint that after four moves, when it seems to be all over, the real trouble is only beginning. This, I think, is not only one of the most ingenious of its author's innumerable brilliant studies; it is also one of the latest, having first been published earlier this month in the *Deutsche Schachblätter*.

Usual prizes. Entries by July 7.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 7

A: (1) B-B5, R-QB5. (2) B-K6, K-B1. (3) K-R3, KR-K5. (4) B-Q5, R-QR5. (5) B-B6, KR-QB5. (6) B-Kt5, R-KKt5. (7) B-Q7, etc.

The echo-dual (1) B-B3 " would be defeated by . . . R-QR5. (2) B-Q1, K-B1. (3) K-R3, R-R8 ††

B: (1) B-B1, B-B5. (2) P x B, Kt-B1. (3) P x Kt (B†), R-QKt3 (4) P queens, R x Q. (5) B-R6, R-KR1. (6) P-B8 (B†), R-R2 (7) B-B3-Kt7, etc.

If (6) . . . . R-Kt1. (7) B(6)-Kt7, etc.

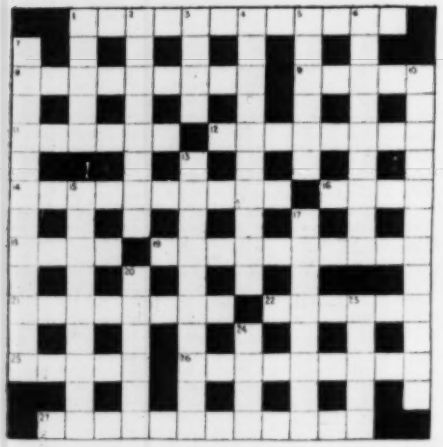
If (3) or (6) P queens, stalemate results.

If (5) . . . R-Kt8. (6) B x P ch, followed by P queening.

It seems that a master, an M.P., and a schoolboy (Gerald Abrahams, Leslie Hale, L. J. Jackson) have discovered a refutation of Korolkov's study in countering the key-move by (1) . . . R-Q3. (2) KtP (or KP) queens, R-Q8. (3) Q-Kt5, R-Q4 ! ! In the circumstances I can see only one fair course for me to take, or rather four: (a) not to count **B** in the ladder; (b) to let the valiant trio share the 1st prize; (c) to let R. W. B. Clarke and J. B. Cock share the consolation prize, since they were the only competitors to find the author's very difficult solution! (J. R. Harman got fairly near)! (d) to offer a special prize of a guinea chessbook token to whoever can refute the refutors.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 2



ACROSS

1. For use when the immoderate drinker takes tea? (6, 2, 4).
8. Might a brew of tea that is in British Railways do this? The poet would not think so (9).
9. French tapestry town (5).
11. Capek wrote this play (6).
12. Weak, but still in command (8).
14. Feelings aroused because they miss pa (10).
16. A pound perhaps returned (4).
18. There is not a bit of the dish left (4).
19. The proof of this in the drain is not obvious (4, 2, 4).
21. Tea disturbed after an appointment for Julian(8).
22. The river to make one acquainted with fishing gear (6).
25. Part of what one should do unto others (5).
26. There is a wall on both sides of the street (9).
27. Notices in shops? (12).

DOWN

1. Joints of submission (5).
2. Sartorially unreliable person (8).
3. Food organisation turns up and helps to make bread (4).
4. Muddled peers solve this clue (10).
5. Though showy, the librarian is afraid of strangers (6).
6. This is strange to brew (6,3).
7. Not a batman (5, 7).
10. This is clearly what makes a senator dunce (6, 6).
13. I am placed next to the servant at table. This is generous (10).
15. This adventurer was game at his end (5, 4).
17. Gift of a broken finger (8).
20. The river is almost up to the top of the room (6).
23. Evidence that money calls the tune (5).
24. Weapons from another planet (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 1

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ATTRACTIVE furn. flat in artist's hse., W.1. Vac. Aug. 9. Close Piccadilly Distr. Lines. Lge. living-rm., dble. bedrm. (single divans), lge. kit., bathrm. Gas fires, own meter. No linen. Long let. 4½gns. p.w., incl. c.h.w., e.l. Garage if reqd. Box 1703.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

TO let Westminster, bed-sit.-rm., use kit. & bath. Incl. heat., laundry, cleaning. 6½ p.w. Phone TAT. 8510 after 6 p.m.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

HAMPSTEAD. Large beautiful double room, furnished. Gnd. flr. 3gns. Also, later, flat nr. Highgate, 4½gns. Box 1978.

OXFORD man & wife offer furnished accommodation with cooking facilities mid-July. 2 single rooms, £2 10s. 6d. & £2 17s. 6d. Pleasant home, Hampstead, nr. 'buses, tube. No petty restrictions. Box 1789.

ACCOM. central, partial board, from 3½gns. single, 6gns. dble. Tel.: MAI. 1787.

COMF. divan room, re-decorated, electric fire, kettle, use bath. Breakfast optional. Nr. Underground—buses. 'Phone BAT. 6779.

BED-Sit. rm. in large rmsd. well-appntd. flat, paying quarter share of wkly £10 overheads. No housework or cleaning, only own cooking, chores. N.W.8. Box 1979.

TO let: well furnished single bed-sitting room in new house, constant hot water, linen, service. Hampstead 8698.

CAMPDEN Hill area. Furn. bed-sit. rooms from 2½gns. sgle., 3½gns. dble. incl. light, baths, linen, service, ckg. facils. PARK 8369.

FLATLET to let. Large room, kitchen, use bathroom & Tel. Partly furnished. £2 5s. per week, incl. light. N.W.6. Write Box 2041.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rooms. Personal attention. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Other meals optional.

LGE. grnd. floor divan room plsnt. aspect. Fitd. washbasin, ckg. fac. Use bathrm. 2 mins. Finchley Rd. & Hmpstd. Heath. 2½gns. 50 Hermitage Lane, N.W.2. Ham. 9830.

LARGE well-furnished bed-sitting room. Use of kitchen and bathroom. C.H.W. Suit professional woman. Moderate. GLA. 5111.

SMALL Bed-sit. rm. to let in bachelor's Westminster house, pleasant and within walking dist. West-End. 45s. p.w. Box 2040.

FURNISHED room in Stamford Hill area on ground floor. Phone STA. 7056.

WRITER (woman) wishes let bed-sit. rm. in comfortable Westminster flat. C.h.w., c.h. Use kitchen. £3 p.w. ABB. 7187.

LARGE single bed-sit. rm., ground floor St. John's Wood house. Own bathrm., kitchenette, cent. htg., C.h.w. Ideal research stud. prof. woman. £3 wkly. MAI. 9492.

SINGLE divan rooms for under-35s: 27s. 6d. Write Secretary, 250 Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

FRIENDLY, large, bed-sitting room near Regent's Park. Use kitchen, bathroom, incl. linen, heat. £2 10s. GUL. 6822.

FURN. bed-sitting room to let in bachelor's flat, use kitchen, bathroom, telephone; modern block. W.2. Box 2055.

COMF. room, with breakfast, facing Highgate Woods, nr. Tube. TUD. 1380.

BLACKHEATH. Bachelor (50) would share flat with another. Some service (not cooking). 2gns. Box 2039.

CORNWALL. Furnished country cottage. Sleep two. Sandy beach. Particulars: H.S. Smith's Library, Penzance.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

TO let July onwards. Charming personal 3-4-berth Caravan. Calor. Elsan. Also large tent and equipment. At present near Rye but would tow other site reasonable cost. Turpin, Sunhill, Pembury, Kent.

SNOWDONIA. Nant Francon. Cottage to let July 19-Aug. 11. Ideal holiday walkers, climbers, bathers. 8 beds, 6gns. p.w. Hubback, 19 Wellgarth Rd., N.W.11.

GEOLOGIST large family, small income, seeks solitary country house exchange self-contained garden flat, W.C.1. Box 2074.

YNG. designer shs. unf. rm. for studio-bed. sit. Pleasant distr. London. Box 1830.

YNG. quiet cple. urgently req. sml. unfurn. flat. Pref. N.W. Lond. Box 1943.

WANTED by young Dr. & wife: unfurn. s.c. flat, approx. £150 p.a. London, SW, W, NW. Thomas, 118 Gloucester Ter., W.2.

BACHELOR. Quiet & considerate tenant requires quiet bed-sitting room. Moderate terms. Box 1945.

WANTED: cottage with garden, any condition, in rural area 1 to 1½ hrs. from London. Pref. Hampshire. Parties. to Mrs. D. Forster, Wood End, Lintog, Wetherby.

OXFORD. Furnished s/c flat reqd., from August. Piano allowed. Box 2028.

DORSET (or S. Wilts.), furn. cottage wanted August (no children). Box 2065.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

GUILDFORD. Building to commence immediately. Attractive semi-detached houses in secluded close on high posn. close buses, shops, etc. 3 bedrooms, 2 rec., kitchen, bathroom, sep. w.c. Garage space. £2,250 freehold to holders of building licences. Up to 90% mortgages. Letts Bros., 340 Richmond Rd., Twickenham. POP. 2000.

FURN. cottage, 2-acre field, mountain stream—4 miles Bala. 2 bed., 1 lge. sitt., Elec., Calor Gas, Elsan. £1,000. Box 1749.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE—continued

FOR Sale. Portree Lodge, Isle of Skye, Inverness-shire. Constructed on two floors, it contains drawing room, dining room, smoking room, 9 large bedrooms, 5 single bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, ample domestic quarters and outbuildings. There are two garages with room for three cars, above the garages are two cottages reached by a common stair, one of these cottages is subject to a liferent. There is also a gardener's cottage and laundry which can be converted into quite a good house. Electricity is supplied by private generating set but a supply will be available shortly from the North of Scotland Hydro Electric Board. Portree Lodge lies on the north-eastern side of Portree Bay and has a southern exposure. The policies and grounds, which include a certain amount of timber, extend to 13 acres approximately. Assessed rental £100. For further particulars and cards to view apply MacDonald & Fraser, Solicitors, Portree, Isle of Skye.

THE Red House, Beaumont, Essex. Rural position, between Frinton-on-Sea and Harwich. Attractive Georgian Style Country Residence, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom. Main Water and Electric light. Garage. Half an acre of partly walled pleasure, fruit and vegetable gardens. For Sale with possession. Apply—Fenn, Wright & Co., 146 High Street, Colchester.

HAMPSTEAD W. (off Finchley Rd.) newly dec., vac. poss. large gnd. flr. room and entire 1st floor. Two rooms let at 20s. p.w. Lease 37 yrs. Grnd. Rent £6. £1,500 cash or near offer. Box 2054.

MODERNISED 17th Century cottage, 2 rec., 4 bed., b. & b. (h. & c.), mod. con. Own electricity. Mains water. Access Cambridge & Newmarket. 1 3rd acre prod. garden. £2,500 for quick sale. Phone West Wratting 296 or write Box 2071.

MODERN attc. F'hold. S.W.6. Beautifully built 1947. Hall, 3 bedrms., 3 rec. rms., kit., 2 w.c.s, bthrm. Garden. Vacant possession. £4,150. RENown 3943, 6–7 p.m.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Chair of Botany which becomes vacant on the resignation of the present occupant, Professor N. A. Burges, who has accepted the Chair of Botany at the University of Liverpool. Salary will be at the rate of £2,000 (Australian) per annum plus cost of living adjustment (at present £200 (Australian) per annum). There is a normal retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme, and, in addition a pension of not less than £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 30, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, Durban, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Commerce. Salary scale: Men £550 × £25 – £725 p.a.; Women £450 × £25 – £600 p.a. In addition, there is a temporary cost of living allowance at present amounting to £320 p.a. for a married person and £100 p.a. for a single person. Pending the introduction of revised salary scales, the lecturer will also receive in 1952 a non-pensionable allowance at the rate of £25 p.a. plus 10 per cent of present salary. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 15, 1952.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for appointment in October, 1952, for one year only to an Assistant Lectureship or Lectureship in Public Administration. Salary £450–£800 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Applications, which should be accompanied by the names of three referees, should be received not later than July 10, 1952, by the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., W.C.2, from whom further partics. can be obtained.

ESSEX Education Committee. Mid-Essex Technical College and School of Art, Market Road, Chelmsford. Required September, by about 10 hours per week, a part-time Teacher of Weaving, Embroidery, Block Printing. Applics. by letter stating qualifications and exper., to Clerk to the Governors.

B.B.C. requires Sub-Editors for News Division, with good education, all-round subeditorial qualities, ability to condense accurately news of all kinds for short factual bulletins, and accustomed to handling tapes. Day and night shifts are involved. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £1,605. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "S.E., N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose s.a.env.

B.B.C. requires Secretary/Typist for Latin-American Service, able to type from dictation in Portuguese (preferably Brazilian-Portuguese). Ability to speak fluent Brazilian-Portuguese an asset. Starting salary £6 5s or £7 rising to £7 5s or £8 according to qualifications, plus 10s Language Allowance. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "P.T., N.Stm.," within a week.

H.M. PRISON and Borstal Service: Assistant Governors (Women). The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for one or more pensionable posts of Assistant Governor Class II (Women). Candidates must be at least 21 on January 1, 1952, and must be of sound general education, able to fill a position of responsibility, and with a genuine interest in difficult reformative work, with adolescents or adults. Salary (London) £406 rising by 8 increments to £578, rather less outside London. In addition free unfurnished accommodation or an allowance in lieu. Starting salary (London) £406 at age 25 (or under), then according to age up to £521 at age 30 (or over). Application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, quoting No. 227/52. To be returned by July 17, 1952.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required to work in the Child Guidance Clinic (Hill End and Branches). Salary in accordance with the National Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) Reports. Ability to drive a car essential. Applications stating age and experience with copies of testimonials should be sent to the Medical Superintendent, Hill End Hospital, St. Albans, Herts.

MANCHESTER University Settlement. Resident Club Leader (woman) for work with women and girls and with responsibility for neighbourhood work from a corporation flat, salary according to age and experience. Apply, giving previous experience, training and age: Warden, 20 Every St., Manchester 4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers, Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the many fields of fundamental and applied science. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1952 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1952 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London salary scales: Senior Scientific Officers, (men): £812–£1,022; (women): £681–£917; Scientific Officers, (men): £440–£707, (women) £440–£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes, (men): £440–£655. (Rates for women under review. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S.S.52 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52, S.128/52 for the other posts.

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Committee. Matrons required at following Schools: (1) Red House School, Brighton Road, Tadworth (56 minor maladjusted children). Salary £307 × £15–£352 p.a. (2) Swaylands School, Penshurst, Tonbridge, Kent (60 senior educationally sub-normal boys). Salary £322 × £15–£367 p.a. (3) Tylney Hall School, Rotherwick, Nr. Basingstoke, Hants (186 delicate children). Duties include care of children's clothing and some catering. Salary £322 × £15–£367 p.a. All posts plus emoluments valued at £193 p.a. Experience in household management and care of children essential. Subject to medical assessment and prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e. f'scap) from Chief Education Officer (SS/MJ), 10 Great George St., S.W.1, to be returned by July 12 (quoting R.886 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

THE Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Resident Warden to be in charge of a Nurses' Home in which accommodation will be provided for 88 Nurses. Salary will be within the scale £440 to £500 p.a., and candidates should be over 35 years of age. Forms of applic. may be obtained from Secretary.

GRADUATE with experience in biological work and some statistics required for research laboratories in Surrey. A wide general background and interest in work methods is desirable. Applis.: Personnel Manager, Vitamins, Ltd., Upper Mall, Hammersmith, W.6.

RECKITT & Colman, Ltd., require an Assistant (female) to their Advertising Manager in Norwich. The post would interest a young woman not over 30 with administrative capabilities and imaginative ideas on the marketing of food products. A University degree an advantage, as also some Commercial experience and an interest in domestic subjects. Write, with particulars of education, experience and salary required, to The Joint Secretary, Carrow Works, Norwich.

NATIONAL Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs require Secretary-Warden for residential National Club and Holiday House in London. Experience with young people and domestic staff and household management essential. Salary £350, with full residential emoluments and superannuation. Applications, marked Devonshire Street Club, to be sent to the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, 30 Devonshire St., London, W.1.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, W.1, require Shorthand-Typist for interesting work in Children's Department. Hours 9.30 to 5.30. Salary Grade "A," viz., £205 p.a. at age 19, rising to £375 (£300 p.a. at age 26 or over). Staff canteen. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

PERSONAL secretary with good shorthand and typing required by voluntary educational organisation, central London. Varied and interesting work. No Saturdays. Write, stating salary required, to Box 2001.

INTERESTING, permanent job for first-class Secretary, good shorthand, initiative. Write, stating experience and salary required to Box 110, c/o Gosden's, 76, Strand, W.C.2.

COOKS and cook-caterer, used to numbers, wanted for house parties, prof. people, July 25-Aug. 15 or Aug. 1-30. Box 1966.

NO Conscription Council, Crestfield Street, W.C.1, needs shorthand-typist with zest for Peace; 36-hour week; £4.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ECONOMICS graduate seeks administrative post. Experienced export, personnel; perfect German. Accustomed to responsibility & authority. Driving licence. Box 1975.

FULLY trained art teacher male, A.T.D. London, desires post in progressive school. Painter, calligrapher, potter and an experienced Architectural draughtsman, with additional interests in field study, Archaeology, metal work, and stage management. Box 2025.

LADY B.A., teachers' Diploma, travelled, much teaching exp., reqs. post teacher in family, pref. S.W. Engl. Box 2103.

ARTICLES with London Solicitor reqd. by Hons. Grad. specialised Ind. Law, completing N.S. Sept. Pref. no premium. Box 2124.

GRADUATE, first-class honours Economics & Statistics, Oxford, wide experience research university and industry, seeks interesting, well-paid post, preferably in East Midlands. Box 1666.

B.Com., F.C.I.S. (39), seeks post as secretary and/or accountant, or in economic research. Box 1947.

LADY (26) teacher, L.R.A.M., travelled, German spoken, reqs. sum. vac. employt. during Aug. Anything intstg. consid. Box 1980.

LADY, gymnastics teacher, dietician (Dr. Bircher-Benner), massage, hydrotherapy, seeks position in or out of London. Mornings only. Box 1948.

JOURNALIST, 2 years' successful experience leading provincial daily, 25, graduate, ex-officer, seeks well-paid post with prospects. Non-journalistic offers welcomed. Box 1967.

WOMAN grad. (Lond.) shs. from Sept. post linguistic or lit. Long exp. translns.—books, essays, technical. Fluent English, German, French. Translations from Italian, Spanish, Dutch. Sub-editing, proof-reading, records, shorthand. Box 1902.

ANY offers to versatile young woman of journalistic or administrative work, full- or part-time? Can edit, sub & lay-out as well as write. Has fluent German, & fair French, good organiser. Write Box 1540.

WORK, where human interest essential, sought by adaptable woman with good secretarial, social work and all-round practical exp. Free Sept. Highest refs. Box 1997.

EXPERIENCED sec., S/T, free odd half-days. ARC. 1765, ext. 1. MOU. 1701.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

INTERESTED in languages? Then read "The Linguist," published monthly with articles and features in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian and Esperanto. "Original, entertaining and, above all, helpful." 1s. from newsagents, or 15s. yearly from "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 15 Market St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

GOLDEN "Daily Mail," Dec. 31, 1900. Dawn of 20th Cent. Offers? Box 2024.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, Central 1907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 15A Victoria St., W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9827.

BOOKS wanted. We are buyers of any quantity of books by esteemed authors or of scholarly value. Standard History & Theological works particularly required. The Book House, Hitchin, Herts.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN Cat. 48: Gesamtausgaben, etc., over 1,000 items. Libris, 38A Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 8090.

WE buy books and find books. The Hermesmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6867.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists: Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

GERMAN Literature wanted and sold by Continental Book Supply, 38A Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

ENJOY "Rule Health" for 1 year for 8s. ($1.50). Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

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PERSONAL

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), 8., Sun. 5 & 8. "Hobson's Choice." Mems.

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EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until June 29: Jean Marais, Danielle Darrieux in Jean Cocteau's adaptation of "Roy Blas" (U). From June 30: Jean Gabin, Isa Miranda in "Au Dela Des Grilles" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331, June 29, 7.30. "Monte Cassino" (A) (Italian).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. B.B.C. presents 58th Season. Sat., 26 July to Sat., 20 Sept. Nightly (Sundays excepted), at 7.30. Prospectus now on sale, price 6d. (by post send Postal Order, not stamps). Tickets: All seats for the First and Last Concerts have been allocated by ballot. Tickets for remaining concerts: Numbered and Reserved, 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s. Unnumbered Orchestra 3s. available. From Mon., June 23 to Sat., July 12, by postal application only, from Royal Albert Hall (Envelopes to be marked "Proms" in top left-hand corner). Thereafter normal booking arrangements. Season Tickets: Promenade (Arena or Gallery): Whole Series 45s. Half Series 24s. Obtainable from Monday, June 23, by Postal application only, from Royal Albert Hall. Applications should give alternative dates and prices and must include stamped addressed envelope. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to the appropriate Booking Office and not to the B.B.C.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Tuesday, July 8 at 8.00. The Society for XXth Century Music presents: Dr. Edith Sitwell, Hedli Anderson, Peter Stadlen, Walter Leigh, Alexander Young, Peter Racine Fricker & George Weldon with the Chamber Ensemble of The London Symphony Orchestra in works by: Arnold Schoenberg ("Pierrot Lunaire"), Jacques Ibert, Peter Racine Fricker & William Walton ("Facade," with Dr. Edith Sitwell in her original part). Tkts. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., & 2s. 6d. from Royal Festival Hall, WATerloo 3191, the usual agents & Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W.1. MAYfair 7600.

JACQUES Orchestra, Cond., Dr. Jacques: Corelli, Bach, Sibelius. Mayflower Barn, Jordans, Sat., July 5 at 8. Tkts. 6s. J. Valentine, Nine Elms, Jordans, Bucks.

WMA Summer Garden Party at 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, Saturday, June 28, at 2.30. Concert recitals (adm. 6d. ea.): "The Ramblers"; "Pioneer Puppets for Peace"; Ewan MacColl—folksinger; Joshua Glazier, violin; Hosna Dorra, French & Martiniquaise folksongs. British, Czech & Bulgarian folkdancing; teas & refreshments. Adm. 2s. Unique evening film show: "They Met in Moscow" Soviet musical; 1st perf. in England. 2 films from U.S.A., featuring Burl Ives, Josh White, Peter Seeger, authentic folk ballads, etc., "May Day, London, 1951"; "Festival Youth Parade, London, 1952." Adm. 2s. (WMA members); 2s. 6d. visitors.

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VIDA Hope at Garden Party, 22 South Sq., Hampstead Garden Suburb (near St. Jude's Church). July 5, 3 p.m. Puppets, Bow Competition, Sideshows. Admission 2s. children 1s., incl. tea. Hendon South C.L.P. Garden Suburb Ward.

LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 3s., guests 4s.

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BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion will be closed from the evening of Wednesday, July 2, for the preparation of a full-scale Regency Exhibition opening on Saturday, July 12.

"TOMORROW'S Furniture." Work of leading British designers. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Weekdays 10-6. Sundays 2-6. 1s. Members free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Contemporary Jewish Artists. June 10-July 4. Admission 1s.

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BLACKHEATH Art Society. Fifth Annual Exhibition, Tranquil Hall, Blackheath Village, S.E.3. June 22 to July 6. Daily 11-7, Sundays 2-7.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. "Expressionist Painting."

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

15 NEW Zealand painters, Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq., W.C.2. Until July 19. Mon.-Fri., 9.30-5; Sats. 9.30-12.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Important Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Exhibition at 142 New Bond Street, W.1. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1. Until July 25.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council. A selection of Lithographs, Lino Cuts and Silk Screen Pictures on the 2nd floor at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Mobiles by Lynn Chadwick, and Paintings by Roger Hilton.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th & 20th Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

TIRZAH Garwood. A Memorial Exhibition. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till June 28. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday 10-6, Tuesday, Thursday 10-8. Adm. free.

HEAL'S Top-floor Flat. Furniture for present-day needs on view on 4th flr. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Summer Exhibition—Paintings & Sculpture. Daily 11-6, inc. Saturdays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOUTH Africa Conference: Saturday, June 28, 2.30-8.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1. Chair: Harold Davies, M.P.; Speakers: Vella Pillay (S.A.); Michael Muller (S.A.); Basil Davidson. Tickets 1s. 6d. Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria Street, S.W.1 (or at door).

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Summer Outing, Sunday, July 13, from Maidenhead to Marlow by river steamer. Full cost 12s. 6d. For particulars apply: Miss Barbara Laslett, 50 George St., W.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Denis Healey, M.P., on "N.A.T.O. and Western Unions—A Conflict of Loyalties," at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1, Thurs., July 3, 7.30. Visitors 2s.

WEST African Students' Union, 13 Chelsea Embkmnt., S.W.1. July 6: Sun. Tea Club 3.30; Miss Jennie Lee M.P.: "Equality of the Sexes—What it Means." Tea 6d.

ALL Nations Social Club. One evening Conference—"Can We Avoid a Third World Conflict?" Barbara Castle, M.P., Ian Harvey, M.P., W. T. Williams, M.P., Cannon Collins (Cannon, St. Paul's, Chairman Christian Action), Sam Morris (Secretary League Coloured Peoples) followed by open discussion. Thursday, July 3, 8-10.30, at Great Cumberland Hall, Great Cumberland Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 2s. 6d. at door.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum Brains Trust—"Problems of the Retail Trade in 1952." Sir William Y. Darling, C.B.E., M.C., D.L., LL.D., M.P. (Darling & Co.), Mr. J. T. Spence (Debenham & Freebody), Mr. Leonard M. Harris (Browns of Chester, Ltd.), Mr. John Ramage (Drapers' Chamber of Trade), Mr. Eric Lucking, F.B.D.A. (Liberty & Co., Ltd.). Thursday, July 3, 7.30 p.m., at The Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0156.

EMRYS Hughes, M.P., Victor Yates, M.P., Air Comfort, Stuart Morris, Sybil Morrison, Mona Bentin, Robert Horniman, Sam Walsh, in Trafalgar Square, Sunday, July 6, 3 p.m. "Britain—Bridge or Battlefield." Organised by Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

SHAW Society: Dr. Rattray on "The Subconscious in Shaw," 57 Dean Street, W.1, June 27, at 7 p.m. Admission free.

LEONARDO da Vinci, 500th Anniversary Celebration Meeting. Speakers on "Leonardo the Artist," "Leonardo the Scientist." Readings from his Notebooks. Exhibition. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Thursday, July 10, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. British Peace Ctte., 81 City Rd., E.C.1.

SOCIAL—Reception to four recent visitors to Hungary:—Mrs. P. Kunes (worker at Austin Motors, Bham.) & Mrs. Searle (Ealing Women's Assembly) attended Hungarian Democratic Women's Federation Conference; Mrs. S. Ferguson visited her home and family with her husband, Mr. M. Ferguson; hear their experiences first-hand. Also special feature—Ewan MacColl, author of "Uranium 235," singing British folk and work songs; "Pioneer Puppets." Sunday, June 29 at 7.30. British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. 1s. at door. Refrmts.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "Continuity of Attachment." At the Ethical Church, 4A Inverness Place W.2. Sun. June 29, 11 a.m.

"THE Leader for the New Age," Mrs. Joyce Woodward. Sun., June 29, 7 p.m., Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Pl., W.1.

SIR Rustom P. Masani will speak on "Avicenna" at 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater, W.2, on Friday, June 27 at 8.15. All welcome, no charge.

TO all Labour Parties: Abingdon Constituency Labour Party will hold their Annual Fete and Rally at Buscot Park, Faringdon, on Monday, Aug. 4 (by kind permission of Lord Faringdon). Reserve this date for a day out for your members. For further details apply Agent, 27 High Street, Abingdon, Berks.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

"TAKING Responsibility for Well-being, with particular regard to Posture, Movement and Tension." Talk by Charles Neil, principal of the Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11 (2 mins. Holland Park Tube). Thursday, July 3, 8 p.m.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Tuesday, July 1 at 8 p.m. Rita Hinden on "Britain in Africa." Arts Theatre Club, 5-6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Refrmts. Vis. 2s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. June 29, J. Hutton Hynd, "The Relativity of Reasoning." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10); Meditation & Gita at the Centre every Sunday 5.30 p.m. Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., July 3, 7.30 p.m. "Indian Thought—Its Features." All welcome.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 6 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. June 29: "Theosophy's Teachings on Religion."

"MEDITATION." Four Lunch Hour Talks. Caxton Hall. Tuesdays at 1.10. July 1: Introduction. July 8: Technique. July 15: Inner Journey. July 22: The Goal.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 5 at 6 p.m. Dr. Felice Malavasi: "I Minatori Italiani in Inghilterra."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WHO is my Neighbour? Series of Addresses on Christian Responsibility in regard to World Development. Tues., July 1, Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, C.H., M.P.—The Needs of the World; Thurs., July 3, Ritchie Calder, C.B.E.—Science and Human Needs; Tues., July 8, Sir Richard Acland, M.P.—The War on Want; Tues., July 15, Prof. Josue de Castro (Chairman of Council of the F.A.O.)—The Work of the United Nations Organisation; Thurs., July 17, Lady Megan Lloyd-George, J.P.—The Women and Children of the World. St. Paul's Cathedral at 6 p.m.

ASHRIDGE. Course 33. July 4-7. The Age of Maynard Keynes. Introductory Address, Captain Colin R. Coote, D.S.O.: War and Peace, 1914-1919. The Lord Layton, C.H., C.B.E.: "The Depression of the 1930s and the "General Theory," Roy Harrod, Esq.: War and its Aftermath, 1939-46, Professor E. A. G. Robinson, C.M.G., O.B.E.: Years of Crisis, 1947-52, Donald Bruce, Esq. Inclusive Fee: £3 15s. Applications to Secretary, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Tel.: Little Gaddesden 3191.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Week-end lecture-discussions in delightful country. July 11-14: "The Logic of Irrationality," Harold Walsby. We should like to send you detailed programmes of this and other week-ends. Checkendon 211.

FIRST International Congress on Humanism, Amsterdam, Aug. 21-26. Persons and organisations are invited to participate. Details, Ethical Union, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2.

THE Present Question Conference, 1952, will be held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, August 2 to 9. Theme: "Conflicts of Loyalties." Speakers: Dr. K. Bliss, John L. Edwards, M.P., Sir Wilfrid Garrett, E. de Groot, Noel H. Hall, E. P. Harries, John Heath-Stubbs, W. D. Hogarth, Prof. W. R. Niblett, Dr. J. H. Oldham, Prof. M. Polanyi, Herbert Read, A. J. P. Taylor, H. Westmann, J. F. Wolfenden.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 4640-3805. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes; or private lessons; beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Nationals. 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel.: Gerrard 8531-2. Intensive daily classes and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificates; short or long Courses; enrolment daily; Prospectus free.

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POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D. Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Park 4465. Open throughout the summer for beginners and refresher courses.

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal Miss Eileen Alexander. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. Course extends over 3 years. Apply Sec., 57 Lansdowne Rd., Bedford.

INSTITUTE of Child Psychology. Training in Child Psychotherapy will be resumed on Sept. 22. Application to Secretary, 6, Pembridge Villas, London, W.11.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—*continued*

NEWBATTLE Abbey College, Dalkeith, Midlothian. A Residential College for Adult Education. Warden: Edwin Muir, LL.D., Ph.D., D. ès L. Courses are offered in the following subjects: English Language and Literature, Human Relations, British and European History, Economic Theory and History, Trade Unionism, Philosophy, Political Theory, Psychology. Fees: £150 per session, £110 for two terms, £60 for one. Next session begins October 6. For further details and information regarding L.E.A. scholarships apply to the Warden.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley. One-, two-, three- or four-week General or Specialised Courses during July and August.

TOUCH-typing and or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

LANGHAM Secretarial College provides comprehensive secretarial and finishing courses with languages and current affairs. Resident and day students; canteen. Interesting posts found after Diploma. Early vacancies. Autumn courses now enrolling. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven St., Park Lane, W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 2904/5.

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INTER B.A. Exemption. North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, London, N.W.5, offers intensive full-time course for Advanced Level G.C.E. Next course September, 1952-June, 1953. Call, write or tel. GULliver 1154, ext. 11.

RELEASE from over-tension and over-fatigue through re-education of posture and movement. Many symptoms are based on faulty muscular habits. Enquiries to Secretary, The Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.11. Tel. Park 7222.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing. Eclectricky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. (Mrs. Whorwell.) BAY. 2816.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools throughout August, 1952: 2-9: Hope, Derbyshire, 9-16: Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, 16-23: Kingsgate College, Broadstairs, 23-30: Fressingfield, Suffolk. Fressingfield Hall, Fressingfield, Suffolk. Fressingfield Hall, Fressingfield, Suffolk. Fressingfield Hall,

"... it is the tools
which have changed,
not the men ..."

The Duke of Edinburgh
speaking at University College, Swansea

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